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AMONG THE HEATHER.

Wintry winds are blowing cold
O'er the moors of purple heather,
Where, in sunnier days of old,
Hand in hand we idly strolled,
Thou and I together;
But those sunny days are past,
And no more we walk together
Where the snow on every blast
Whirls above the heather.

On the dreary moorland now,
In the storm I wander lonely,
Longing—love alone knows how—
For thy kiss on lip and brow,
Longing for thee only;
Life can bring me naught but pain,
Till among the purple heather,
Hand in hand we walk again,
Thou and I together!

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"OH, MARY, FORGIVE ME!"

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

The church of St. Peter's was open in the morning. A damp old church, that you stepped down to as if into a vault. The clergyman was in the vestry; the clerk fidgeted about the pews. Geoffry Clanwaring, in bridegroom's attire, stood looking anxiously from the door.

A panting, breathless girl came in. A most lovely, dimpled, timid, shrinking girl, who took off her red gipsy cloak as she entered, which had served partially to cover her. Her wedding dress was of white sprigged India muslin—it had been a present to her years ago from her godmother—and a straw hat trimmed with a wreath of pale blush roses.

"God bless you, my darling!" cried Geoffry, seizing upon her. "It is seven minutes past nine, and I was all upon thorns."

"I was so afraid," she whispered. "I did not dare come out of my room for fear of any one's meeting me on the stairs."

"I shall want you to stand father-in-church to this young lady," said Geoffry to the clerk, slipping a very substantial fee into that functionary's hand.

"At your pleasure, sir."

The clergyman came out in his surplice, and took his place. The clerk directed them where to kneel; standing himself at Maria's elbow. There was no bridesmaid; the clerk was to be "father-in-church" and give the bride away. It has been remarked that such weddings, unattended, were tolerably common then: and the clergyman made no fuss about this one. He saw that the license was in order, asked a question or two, and proceeded with his work.

Rarely had a handsomer couple knelt before the altar, never one more attractive. He, tall and strong, with his fair Saxon beauty, his kindly blue eyes, his golden hair; she in her gentle, shrinking, blushing loveliness. The clergyman pronounced them man and wife, and gave the bridegroom, at his own request, a certificate.

The weather had culminated into a downfall of rain when they got out again. It had been a dull, gray, threatening morning, and now the rain had commenced. Not very hard, as yet. Maria took her white India muslin up under her cloak, and tripped along on Geoffry's arm. Thanks to the umbrella—which he had had the precaution to bring from home—and the rainy streets, they got into Mr. Arde's without observation.

In consequence of Mrs. Arde's delicate state, and perhaps also of the exactions of the baby, breakfast there had recently been taken very late. The tea was only being made; and Maria's escapade had not been discovered: it was supposed she had not yet come out of her chamber. Geoffry went in first, in his light overcoat.

"Why, Geoffry!" exclaimed George Arde with intense surprise. "You are in town early!"

Geoffry threw his coat back, and they saw his costume—a gala one. Quite at the first moment, no suspicion as to the *why*, was aroused. George Arde, as he stared, thought there might be some grand breakfast in the town, that Mr. Clanwaring had come in for.

"Is anything going on in Worcester today, Geoffry?"

"Not that I know of. I have been getting married."

He turned to the door, and brought Maria in, scarlet cloak and all. Mr. Arde looked from one to the other; his wife sunk into a chair, bewildered.

"Oh, Maria!" she gasped.

Maria flew to her, and hid her face on her bosom in a passion of hysterical tears. They could not soothe her: emotion, suppressed hitherto, had its way now.

"Oh, Mary! forgive me!" came the sobbing cry.

Geoffry tenderly took off the hat and cloak, and stroked the hand with its new wedding ring fondly within his own. Mrs. Arde was pale as death.

"You—are—surely—not really married!" she exclaimed.

"Here's the certificate," said Geoffry, handing it to Mr. Arde. "It's all in form. We were married at your parish church—St. Peter's."

"Well, you are a clever fellow!" cried Mr. Arde, half admiringly, half angrily.

"And my father and mother!—oh, what a blow it will be to them!" bewailed Mrs. Arde, weeping with Maria.

"I hope not," answered Geoffry. "They both like me."

"Who is to break it to them?"

"I; of course. I shall go over there today or to-morrow for the purpose. You won't refuse to give us some breakfast, will you, Arde?"

Mr. Arde, getting a little over his annoyance—for he had felt at first both dismayed and angry—told him that as much breakfast was at their service as they liked to eat. Just as he had been neuter in the matter hitherto, so he resolved, after taking a minute's inward counsel with himself, to remain. The marriage had certainly been no fault of his: none could be more surprised at it than he was; and therefore no blame could attach to him. He did not see why he should either espouse their cause, or turn against them for it: and he determined to do neither.

"It is your own concern entirely, Geoffry; I shall not make it mine. I am sorry that you have taken this step—and there's sure to be a row over it: but I don't see that I am called upon to resent it. And so—here's good luck to you both."

"Thank you heartily," replied Geoffry: while Maria sobbed in silence.

"But, do not think I approve of what you have done—don't run away with that notion to tell your friends," resumed Mr. Arde. "What are your plans?"

"Plans?" returned Geoffry.

"Ay. Where are you going to take Maria? Up to the moon?"

"Up to Malvern. I have engaged lodgings there for the present."

"Oh, I thought you might be going to take her to Beechhurst Dene," cried Mr. Arde rather satirically.

"I must wait for that."

But before sitting down to breakfast, Maria escaped to her chamber, unseen by either of the servants; there to remove the tell-tale attire and assume her ordinary dress.

Surprises that day seemed to be the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Arde. The morning was wearing on, getting near the time that Geoffry intended to take his bride away—driving her in his open gig to avert any suspicion that a close carriage might have endangered—when Squire Arde called. The same little, stooping old man that you have already seen; in the same pepper and salt suit with the silver buckles at his knees and shoes; and the same fluffy great coat falling off his narrow shoulders. He had never honored them with a call yet: hence the surprise. Mrs. Arde blushed as she rose timidly to receive him.

Squire Arde's visit this morning was not directed by any thought of friendship or courtesy; he had but come to inquire after the character of a man who had been employed upon George Arde's hop grounds.

"I don't know much of him, sir," was George's answer to the application. "He is steady enough, I think. Jonathan Drew could tell you more about him than I can."

"Ah, I daresay," was the old man's remark. "But Drew might not speak the truth, you know. "He did not speak truth for Tom Barber's widow."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"In the matter of that lost paper. Drew knew it was given to her, well enough, though it suited him to forget it."

"If I thought Drew did know of it—asserting all the while that he did not; that there had never been any such paper given—I would get my father to turn him away," was the indignant remark of Geoffry.

"Let him be," said the old man. "The matter's over, and done with, and Hester Barber's gone. A curious thing she should ha' found the paper only an hour or two afore her death, warn't it?"

He looked at Geoffry with his once bright gray eye, cold as steel. In the glance there was a strange keenness.

"Yes, it was curious," assented Geoffry. "Had the paper been unearthed in time, I hope—and I think—my father would have respected it, and not interfered with the poor old woman; although it was not binding on him. I should have done my best to beg for her. I did as it was."

"Well, it's too late by some months now," said the squire: "the cottage is gone, and the fine new road's there instead. It's just one of those cases, young man, that might be compared to a broken egg. Once spilt on the floor, it can never be picked up again."

"That's true," said Geoffry, a great sadness in his good-natured blue eyes. "Nobody was more sorry for poor Granny Barber than I was. It was a hard case: I told my father so. But he did not see it in the same light."

Old Mr. Arde nodded, and then shook his head from side to side, as if in strong condemnation.

"You think my father did wrong, I see, sir."

"Nay, I judge nobody, young man. But there's some plain words in an old Book that have run through my head, off and on, since the day I saw 'em demolishing her place. 'Remove not the old land-mark, and enter not into the field of the fatherless.' Sir Dene don't read his Bible, maybe."

"Oh, but he does—sometimes," said Geoffry.

"Ah, then he forgot 'em, maybe. Anyway, the old homestead's gone, and Hester Barber's gone; and the cuttings's broad and smooth, and a fine name you've given to it—Dene Hollow."

"We did not give it: I don't know who did give it, sir."

"And it don't matter who," rejoined the squire.

At that moment a young servant maid came in with the baby. When she saw there was a stranger present, she would have retreated; but Mrs. Arde took the child from her. A very pretty, lively little baby in a clean white frock, who sat up and looked with independence on the company. The child attracted Squire Arde's attention, and he went up and patted its cheek.

"You don't look very peart, my dear," he added, in a kind, fatherly tone, as Mrs. Arde received the child, and he chucked her under the chin. "You should try and get your wife's roses back, George Arde. Good-day to ye all."

They watched him down the path in the rain, the little shrunken figure, riding-whip in hand, George Arde attending him to open the gate.

His had been a sad history. In the bloom of his early manhood, when life looked fair before him, he had married a young lady to whom he was much attached. She gave birth to a child—a girl—and soon afterwards symptoms of insanity developed themselves. Ever since then until her death, which only occurred three years ago, she had been the raving inmate of a lunatic asylum. The little girl lived to be ten years old: and her death nearly broke her father's heart. Since then he had been strangely altered: the kindly feelings of his nature seemed to have withered up at the grave, and he became a solitary, penurious old man. Hurst Leet was wont to say that he was Arde by name, and 'ard by nature. But this was mostly applied to his sociable qualities; for no one instance of oppression had ever been traced to him.

On the following afternoon, Geoffry Clanwaring, leaving his wife at Malvern, went over to Harebell Farm, to break the news of what he had done. Nothing, as he believed, had transpired; he took it for granted that the marriage was as yet a secret. Mr. Owen happened to be in his barn when Geoffry rode in. Leaving his horse, Geoffry found him watching the threshing. Drawing the farmer outside, for the noise was deafening, Geoffry sat down on the shaft of a barrow, and told him what he had to tell.

"I know all about it, Mr. Clanwaring."

"Know it!" repeated Geoffry starting up. But it might have struck him that the farmer listened very quietly, without any appearance of surprise. "Why, how did you get to know it, sir?"

"From my daughter Mary. I took the pony-chaise into Worcester early this morning to fetch home Maria, her mother not being well. It could not be kept from me then."

A deprecating flush rose to the young man's ingenious face. He held out his hand timidly.

"You will not refuse to forgive me, sir! And—to—bless us both?"

"My forgiveness will not be a material matter to you, Mr. Clanwaring," was the reply—and Geoffry could but note with what strangely calm sadness he was speaking. "Your father's will be of more moment than mine; and that I fear you will never get. I cannot forgive Maria."

"Oh but she was not to blame; it was not her fault," ardently burst forth Geoffry. "She only yielded to me after months of persuasion."

"There lies her fault—that she did yield," spoke the farmer gravely. "I had thought that I could place implicit trust in my daughters."

"She will be your dutiful daughter still, Mr. Owen, and her mother's too, although she is *my* wife. I'll bring her over to see you next week."

"Do you fancy you were justified in taking this extreme step, sir?"

"Not entirely," candidly avowed Geoffry; "but *yes* in a very great degree. The only one to whom I cannot plead justification is my own father. To you and Mrs. Owen I may, and do, plead it. Had you not told me, sir, that you liked me for myself; that you would, had circumstances only been favorable, have willingly given me Maria?"

Robert Owen drew in his refined and beautiful lips. It was true, so far.

"But the circumstances were not favorable, Mr. Clanwaring. You know perfectly well that I alluded to your father. *Only* in the event of his being willing, should I have been."

"You see I was obliged to marry her as I have done," confessed Geoffry. "Had I asked my father's consent, he would have forbidden it altogether—and in the teeth of an absolute refusal I should not have liked to disobey him. As it is, nobody forbade it; and I have but taken my own way."

"I should call that three parts sophistry, sir."

"And one part good wholesome honesty," returned Geoffry, his earnest eyes full of sincere meaning. "Believe me, Mr. Owen, it will all come right. Sir Dene will be angry at first; little doubt of it; but he'll not retain anger long. I wrote to him last night, a good long letter, telling him all about it from the onset, and sent it off today. He'll get it to-morrow morning."

"And a fine way he'll be in!" remarked the farmer. "His first act will be to give me notice of ejectment."

"How can you think he would be so unjust!" retorted Geoffry. "I have told him that you knew no more of it than he did, and would have been just as much against it. He'll make common cause with you in abusing me for a bit, I shouldn't wonder. *You* will forgive me, Mr. Owen?"—and once more the pleading eyes went out with the offered hand.

"In one sense I forgive you, Mr. Clanwaring—and that is, that I do not refuse my countenance to you now. The marriage cannot be undone; therefore it would serve no good end to resent it. It is not against me that you have sinned, but against your father and your family."

"Thank you," said Geoffry heartily, as his hand was at length taken. "And now, sir, I want you to hear me say that your daughter is very dear to me. By heaven's help, I will do my best and utmost to promote her happiness."

Mr. Owen shook his head in sadness. "You think so now; I do not doubt it; but in these unequal marriages the wife generally has to suffer from neglect in the long run."

"Mine never shall," emphatically spoke Geoffry, his whole face burning-red with resentment at the implied suggestion. "If I know anything of myself, Mr. Owen, of my nature, my principles, my *love*, Maria will be as dear to me and as honored by me in the far-off years to come, as she is on this, the morrow of my wedding day."

In the far-off years to come! Could poor Geoffry—could ill-fated Robert Owen—but have foreseen a shadow of the events that were destined to happen long before those far-off years should dawn! Astrologers have assumed to see into the future; but it is not one of the least mercies of God that all such sight is hidden from our view.

CHAPTER VI.

BREASTING THE STORM.

Clattering up through the gates of Beechhurst Dene in a noisy post-chaise and pair late at night, went Sir Dene Clanwaring and his eldest son. Geoffry's "good long letter" was not received so soon by two or three days as it might have been, in consequence of Sir Dene's temporary absence from London. It had now brought him down in a fury, and Mr. Clanwaring accompanied him to take part in the storm. He was a little, dark man, this eldest son and heir; proud, honorable, haughtily self-conscious of his degree and position. As little like his father and Geoffry in person as he could well be; resembling, in fact, his dead mother. Bitterly wrathful, was he, against Geoffry for the (as he called it) degrading marriage; he *said* less than Sir Dene, but his anger was inwardly greater and would be more lasting. Mr. Clanwaring intended to mate with one of high degree, himself; the youngest brother, in India, had married a title; how could they brook the disgrace on the family inflicted by Geoffry? Mr. Clanwaring's private opinion was that he deserved hanging. As a matter of course he must be discarded forever; blotted out of the Clanwaring archives.

The housekeeper came forward in dismay as the chaise stopped; she had received no intimation of Sir Dene's return, and had been about to retire for the night. He waved her off; said they did not want much supper; anything would do; but ordered a fire to be lighted instantly in his parlor, and Gander sent to him.

Gander was in bed. A faithful serving man some forty years old, who had spent the last half of them with his master in India, and was now butler. Gander had a frightful toothache—which he was always having—and had gone to bed at nine on the strength of it. He was a red-faced man with obstinate dark hair that never could be persuaded by the brush to lie on his head, but stood up in straight pieces like porcupines' quills, as if he were in a chronic state of fright! The popular phrase—his hair stood on end—might have been made for Gander.

"Now then, Gander," began Sir Dene as soon as he appeared, "what is the truth of this infamous business?"

Gander knew what was meant, and wished himself miles away; he was nearly as simple as his name. The offender, Mr. Geoffry, was a great favorite of his.

"Can't you speak?" cried Sir Dene.

"Well, Sir Dene—I—I suppose you have heard of it," stammered Gander.

"Is he really married?"

"Oh yes, sir, I believe so."

"And to one of those girls of Owen's!"

"Yes, sir, it's she. The only one left of 'em. Squire Arde's nephew married the other."

"Squire Arde's nephew?" Gander had thrown in that in his good nature; a reminder that his young master was not the first gentleman by birth who had gone to Farmer Owen's for a wife.

"Has he been here since?" thundered Sir Dene.

"Mr. Geoffry?—no, sir. We hear he is staying at Malvern."

John the heir turned round: he was holding his boots, first one then the other, to the faggots in the grate, now blazing up.

"Is it known yet in the neighborhood, Gander?"

"Lawk, Mr. Clanwaring, sir! Known! Why, it's the whole talk of the place—and has been since the day after the wedding, when Mr. Geoffry came over to beg forgiveness of Farmer Owen—!"

"Forgiveness of *him!*" interjected Mr. Clanwaring with curling lips.

Gander detected the passion. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Clanwaring," he resumed with deprecation. "It's said he did do it. Farmer Owen is as grieved about it as anybody else can be. He told Squire Arde that it was just a blow to him."

"Does he consider Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring beneath his daughter?" questioned the heir in scornful mockery.

"It is because he is so much above her, sir, and because he knows it will put Mr. Geoffry wrong with Sir Dene—that's why *he* feels it as a blow," cried honest Gander.

"Cease this, John," stormed the baronet, bringing down his hand on the table by which he stood. "What I want to know is, how he got acquainted with the girl. They would not be married off-hand without some acquaintanceship. *Somebody* must have known that there were meetings between them."

"As to that, Geoffry was always out and about like a bailiff," spoke Mr. Clanwaring, while Gander was wisely silent.

"He had his work to do, John. Overlooking, and that."

"Yes, sir. I imagine, though, that Harebell Farm was better looked after than all the rest of the land put together."

"Harebell Farm is not in my occupation; he had no business there at all," growled Sir Dene. And his son gave a stamp to the burning wood with his right boot.

"The young lady has not been at home these five weeks past, Sir Dene—leastways, it's said so," added cautious Gander, not deeming it expedient to know too much. "The tale runs that she has been staying at Worcester with her sister, Mrs. Arde."

A sudden flash of enlightenment, like an illumination, darted through Sir Dene's brain. He turned on his heel.

"Then that explains his visits to Worcester! John, I thought he had gone Worcester-mad. He was always there."

"And no one could open their lips to tell Beechhurst Dene of it!" said John bitterly. "Did *you* know nothing of it, Gander?"

"Not a word, Mr. Clanwaring. Of course, sir, I know it was as Sir Dene says—that Mr. Geoffry was often going to Worcester: but it never came into my head to wonder why he went."

Sir Dene was biting his hot lips. "Let's see—which day was it that he made this shameful marriage, Gander?"

"'Twas last Thursday, sir—a week ago to-morrow. But sir, put it that I had suspected the truth—what end would it have served? I could not have stopped Mr. Geoffry from getting married—or attempted to stop him. He is my master, sir."

"You are a fool, Gander," growled Sir Dene.

To what use the discussion? Of what avail to dispute as to what might have been? It could not undo the fact of the marriage, or part Geoffry Clanwaring from the young girl he had made his wife.

On the following day, Thursday, Geoffry drove his wife over from Malvern to Harebell Farm. And there, happening to meet one of his father's servants, he learnt the fact that Sir Dene had come thundering home in a storm of passion. Leaving Maria with her mother, he went at once to Beechhurst Dene.

There was a distressing and turbulent scene. Geoffry found more enemies than he had bargained for. Not only were his father and brother there: but his mother's sister, Miss Clewer, a precise maiden lady of more than middle age, had also arrived. The news of her favorite nephew's escapade had reached her at home in Gloucestershire, and she posted over in a chaise and four in dire consternation.

Going in by the back way, Geoffry met Gander in the passage. The butler started back when he saw who it was; and took the opportunity to whisper a word of warning.

"They be all in the library, Mr. Geoffry," he said, "making a frightful outcry against you. The master, and Mr. Clanwaring, and Miss Ann Clewer—*she's* come over, sir. I've just carried in a pitcher o' water to keep her out of a fit of the 'stories."

"Great cry and little wool, Gander," said Geoffry, with light good humor. But nevertheless he shrank from the task before him. He would not so much have minded Sir Dene alone; but there was the wrath of his haughty brother in addition to be encountered; not to speak of his aunt's hysterics.

The room called the library was a charming one. Not large, with a bay window opening on the side of the house opposite to that of the Harebell Lane entrance. It looked on the green park; on its beautiful old trees scattered here and there; on the herd of tame deer. It had been the favorite sitting-room of the late Lady Clanwaring, and was lightly and tastily furnished, the carpet bright with roses, the chairs and curtains of pale green brocade.

Geoffry opened the door quietly, and they did not see him. Sir Dene was pacing the floor in a fume; John Clanwaring stood with his face to the window; Miss Clewer (a very thin lady with a flaxen "front") sat on a sofa, her bonnet and shawl on, just as she had got out of the post-chaise; her eyes dropping tears.

"Sir Dene! Father!"

They saw him then; and a fine commotion set in. What Gander had called a frightful outcry became more frightful. Sir Dene raved, Ann Clewer sobbed; John Clanwaring stared contemptuously in his brother's face, his thin lips compressed, his arms folded. Geoffry stood his ground before them, hoping for a hearing; upright, noble, his fair Saxon face quite remarkable in its beauty. He strove to make the best defence he could; but it was not a moment calculated to enhance an offender's courage. Sir Dene interrupted him at every second word, utterly refusing to listen.

"Aunt Ann, will *you* hear me—will you let me tell you how sweet and gentle she is?" pleaded Geoffry. "She is as much a lady in mind, manners, and appearance as ever my dear mother was."

"Oh!" cried Miss Clewer with a shriek and a sob. "To bring your mother's name in with *hers!* The world must be coming to an end, I think. If my dear Lady Clanwaring could come out of her grave, she'd die again with the shame."

It was of no use. Not a word of reason could any one of them be brought to hear. Abuse drowned Geoffry's voice. Sir Dene ranted out hot things; Mr. Clanwaring quieter ones, that stung ten-fold deeper with their scorn; Miss Clewer sobbed and choked and shrieked. Geoffry managed to put his hand into his father's, as he whispered forth a plea to be forgiven.

Forgiven! Sir Dene flung away the hand with a passionate force that sent Geoffry staggering; and ordered him out of the house.

"Go," he thundered, his arm stretched out to indicate the door. "Get your living in the best way you can. I cast you off from this hour."

And Geoffry went. Finding that the longer he stayed the worse it got, he went. At the angle of the passage stood Gander, with a face as red as a turkey's comb.

"It has been a'most as bad as bull-baiting, hasn't it, Mr. Geoffry?" he whispered.

"There has been as much noise, Gander."

"Ay. But look here, sir—don't you be down-hearted. Sir Dene's temper's up—and nobody knows better than me the lot of swearing it takes to cool it down again. One has to swear, living in India. Just let Mr. Clanwaring get away from the place—he is the hottest against you, sir, and it edges on Sir Dene. When he's safe off and the house is clear, you come again, Mr. Geoffry, and try then. I can tell you one thing, sir—your father likes you better than he does *him*."

Geoffry nodded. He knew all this just as well as Gander. While he was giving directions for his clothes to be sent to him, the library door opened, and Mr. Clanwaring came out.

"You will shake hands with me before I go, wont you, John?" he asked, when he had finished what he had to say to Gander—and the tone was a somewhat piteous one.

But Mr. John Clanwaring rejected the held-out hand quite as unmistakably though less demonstratively than Sir Dene had done; and passed on, leaving a few cold and cutting words behind him.

So Geoffry went out of his father's house by the nearest and least ceremonious way. As he crossed Harebell Lane, he saw Robert Owen leaning on his gate.

"Well, how have you sped?" were the words that greeted him.

"Badly to-day," was the young man's candid answer. "It was to be expected I should, this first time. Things will come all right later, Mr. Owen—at least with my father. I am sure of it."

"Is Sir Dene very much incensed?" questioned Mr. Owen.

"Yes. Old Aunt Ann has come posting over—to make matters worse; and my brother is at home, which is worse still. Between them all, I had not fair play. No play at all, in fact. It will be different—when I can get to see my father alone."

"And meanwhile, what are you to do for ways and means, Mr. Clanwaring?"

Geoffry smiled. "That need not concern me yet, sir; I am not reduced to my last ten-pound note. Never having had ill cutlets for my money, as some young fellows have, I saved it."

Robert Owen shook his head. "The time may come when you will rue the day of your foolish marriage with Maria."

"It never will," said Geoffry with emphasis. "She is a great deal too precious to me for that to come to pass."

Mr. Owen sighed. Others had thought the same, and lived to find themselves bitterly mistaken. They were leaning with their arms on the gate while they talked.

"Did Sir Dene say anything about me, Mr. Clanwaring?"

"Not a word. Who's that?"

Geoffry Clanwaring's "Who's that" applied to a man who was passing down the lane. An ill-looking fellow with a slouching gait, and slouching hat.

"I don't know who it is," was Robert Owen's answer when the man was beyond hearing, "but I suspect it is one of Mr. Randy Black's choice customers. Had this business of yours, sir, not come between me and Sir Dene, I might have found it my duty to give him a hint as to what I think of the Trailing Indian."

"Give it to me," said Geoffry.

"I have nothing very tangible to say. Only that I feel sure evil doings of some kind are carried on in the house. I am out a good deal late in an evening with my stock, and hardly a night passes by but I see ill-looking men slink up this lane on their way to the place. Sometimes they have bundles with them."

"Bundles!" cried Geoffry.

"Bundles that they try to hide. I'd not like to take my affidavit that they don't contain stolen goods."

"No!" uttered Geoffry in surprise.—"Stolen goods! You mean smuggled goods, don't you?"

"I mean what I say, Mr. Clanwaring. I have had my strong suspicions for some time now, that the Trailing Indian is a receiving place for them."

"Oh but, you know my father would never allow anything of that kind on his estate," returned Geoffry, unconsciously drawing himself up with a touch of the haughty pride of the Clanwaring family. "He would shut up the Trailing Indian to-morrow, and send Black to the right about."

"He would have to prove it first," dissented Robert Owen. "Black holds his lease, and cannot be turned out lightly. Put it down at smuggling only; it's not very reputable to have such a man for one's next-door neighbor."

"Black must be uncommonly bold if it is anything beyond smuggling. Do you think he'd venture on it?"

"There never was a safer place for it than the Trailing Indian has been," observed Mr. Owen. "Moses Black occupied this farm, and of course was in his brother's interests; Mr. Honeythorn kept but three or four servants at the Dene in his old age—and they mostly women. Why, a gang of smugglers, or what not, might have gone up this lane nightly, and not been met or seen once in a twelvemonth! And you know how lonely the field-way is across to Worcester!"

Geoffry Clanwaring took out his watch. "What time do you dine, Mr. Owen?"

"I expect dinner's ready now, sir."

"Then I'll go up to the Trailing Indian after dinner, before we start for home. Mr. Randy Black must get a hint from me, to mind his manners."

"I should have given him a hint myself long ago, only that I possessed no right to interfere," said Robert Owen. "You may tell him so if you like, Mr. Clanwaring."

When dinner was over (served in the best room, and in the best style that Harebell Farm could venture on—for this was the first time it had had the honor of entertaining Sir Dene's son) Geoffry started for the Trailing Indian. He took the short cut over the fields—not much above five minutes' walk that way—and leaped the little stile at the end of the Farm's grounds, which brought him out opposite the inn. Black was standing at his door, and watched the exit. He touched his hat to his landlord's son.

"I want to speak to you, Black. Will you walk about with me in the lane for a minute or two?"

Pacing the lane before the house, beyond chance of eaves-droppers, Geoffry Clanwaring gave the hint that he had come to give. He did not accuse Black outright of unorthodox doings: only said that doubts had been aroused whether all things enacted at the Trailing Indian would bear the light of day. And he emphatically recommended Black to amend his ways, if they required amending—or he would hear more of it from Sir Dene.

"Robert Owen has been putting you up to say this!" was Black's first comment, spoken with suppressed fierceness.

"No one has put me to say it—I come of my own accord. Though I may tell you, Black, that Mr. Owen has just the same opinion of the Trailing Indian that I have. He sees queer people stealing up here often enough at night."

A change passed over Black's evil face. It settled into a sneer.

"Owen has taken a spite against me, Mr. Geoffry Clanwaring. I've knowed it long. My belief is, he wants to get me out of the Trailing Indian that he may have the place himself; that's why he invents these lies."

"Don't be absurd, man," rebuked Geoffry.

Black said he was not absurd. He denied all insinuations out and out, giving the Trailing Indian the very whitest of characters. It was as honest as Harebell Farm, he said, and honester.

"That's enough, Black—I don't want to go further into it," concluded Geoffry. "My warning is a friendly one. If needed, you will do wisely to act upon it; if unneeded, why, there's no harm done."

"It's a shame that people should try to take away my character behind my back!" exclaimed the landlord in a deeply-injured tone. "There's not a ounce o' bacon or a gill o' brandy comes into the Trailing Indian but what has been through his Majesty's customs."

"As to smuggling, the popular belief is that the whole country smuggles when it gets a chance—from a duchess downwards," carelessly remarked Geoffry. "But," he added, dropping his voice, "to harbor stolen goods, or those who deal in them, is a very different thing, Black. Don't let the Trailing Indian be suspected of *that*. Good afternoon."

He vaulted over the stile at a run, leaving Black looking as dark as his name. Geach came sauntering forth from the inn door, behind which he had been peeping all the while.

"What's up, Randy? You look fit to eat your grandmother."

"If this is not the work of that confounded rat, call me false forever!" cried Black, stamping with passion.

"What work? What rat?" asked Geach.

"Robert Owen."

CHAPTER III.

THE BLACK HEARSE.

A frosty night in December. The roads were hard; the moon, bright as silver, was riding aloft in the sky. Mr. Jonathan Drew, Sir Dene's bailiff, who had been a day's journey on horseback, and was returning home across country weary and tired, turned off the turnpike road into Harebell Lane at its upper end; as if he were a traveller going to demand hospitality of the Trailing Indian.

He was well buttoned up from the cold; and had tied a handkerchief over his ears, which was surmounted by his high-crowned hat. The horse, weary as his master, sought the soft grass by the side of the lane, rather than the harder middle, on which some stones had recently been laid. Drew was feeling very cross. He had told his niece, who kept his house and did for him, to have his supper ready by nine o'clock; but his business had detained him longer than he had anticipated, and it was now past midnight. A very late hour, that, for a rural district; no travellers were supposed to be abroad at so unearthly a time.

The vague reports, none of them too good, connected with the Trailing Indian, caused Jonathan Drew to turn his eyes on that hostelrie as he was passing it. It lay on the opposite side of the lane to the one he was riding on. Closely shut up, it looked to be; the moon played on the casements, behind which the curtains were drawn; its inmates no doubt being abed and asleep.

"As I ought to be," growled Mr. Drew. "Get on, Dobbin. What ails ye?—ye bain't at home yet."

For the horse, finding his tired hoofs on the soft grass, had begun to take it easily, slackening his pace to a walk. Drew was about to urge him on with the spur, when a bright light, as if from a door suddenly opened at the side of the house, fell on the inn yard. Drew let Dobbin's nose seek the ground then, and sat still. He had halted close to the stile that led into Mr. Owen's grounds—the same stile that Geoffry Clanwaring had leaped over when he went to speak that word of warning to the landlord of the Trailing Indian. The branches of the trees, thick there, were bare enough at this season, but the holly hedge was high; it encompassed man and horse within its shade, and he could look across at leisure into Mr. Black's yard, on which the moon-beams shone freely.

Just for a short while, Drew, in spite of the moon's light and the other light, was slow in making out what there was to see. His sight was excellent still, except for close print; it was not that; but there seemed to be some large, dark object, of indistinct form, drawn right across the yard. And when at length he slowly made out that, and other things, Jonathan Drew's head seemed to turn the wrong way upwards, and his life-blood to curdle within him.

It was a hearse. A black hearse with four plumes at its corners. The end of it was drawn up to the side door, whence the light issued; and there seemed to be some figures moving. Four or five men; and they were bringing something out of the house; something that the bailiff at length made out to be a coffin.

"Who can have died there?" softly ejaculated Drew in his bewilderment. "When I was at the place yesterday, I see Black, and the hostler, and—no, I didn't see *her*."

It flashed into his mind with the last words, that Black's wife had been very ill recently; Mr. Friar had been attending on her. Low fever, or something of that.

"It must be her that's in the coffin. Why didn't Black say yesterday she was dead?—And what on earth are they burying her for at this witching hour?"

But, as reason gradually replaced the first confused surprise, Drew remembered that they could not be taking out Mrs. Black at this hour to be buried, unless they were going to do it without "bell, book, and candle;" ay, and without priest also. Recalling Black's character, recalling the fact that he was popularly supposed not to stick at any dark deed, Jonathan Drew felt some ugly doubts creep over him; and he asked himself why they should be carrying away Mrs. Black's body in this surreptitious manner, unless it was to conceal her death. And, if Black did want to conceal it—what was the reason?

A sudden loud neigh from one of the two black horses harnessed to the hearse caused Drew to start, and Dobbin to turn his head. Close upon that, the door of the vehicle was shut on what had been placed within it, and it began at once to make its way out of the yard.

Still as a statue, sat Drew: hoping, nay, almost praying, that no piercing eye might discover him watching there. If—as he firmly believed—some ill deed was being enacted, it might not be safe for these desperate men to discover him. In the fear lest they should, he almost resolved to ride across boldly, ask whether Mrs. Black had died, offer his condolences in an unsuspicious manner; and then ride off at a gallop. But prudence told him it might be best to remain still. Concealed under the thick holly hedge, the chances were that he would not be seen.

On the hearse came, slowly and quietly. One man sat beside the driver; both of them wearing black cloaks and hat-bands. Turning out of the yard to the left, it thus traversed the short distance to the end of the lane: there it set off quickly along the high road, just in the direction that Mr. Drew had come. A high road that led, as may be said, all over the world, London included.

Drew, watching in utter stillness, heaved a sigh of relief. They had not seen him. Somebody—the hostler he thought, by the gait—came and shut the gate of the yard: after that, the side door was shut, and all was quiet. For any signs that remained of what had passed, a spectator might have thought it a dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

A MODEST LETTER.

We recently received the following letter from an Academy in a neighboring state. We quote it as it is written—omitting, in mercy to the writer, his address:—

MAY THE 8. 1871.

Mr. Editor.

Dr. Sir. I am a student of ——— Ac. and I am one of the number to deliver an Oration and do not feel myself capable of writing one suitable for the ocasion, I will inclose some money desireing you to prepare me an Oration, that will be suitable to deliver for a meddle which is to be presented to the one who delivers the best Oration on the occasion.

You will find the inclosed amount for wich I wish you to send me an Oration as soon as you can get it prepard? and if the amount I send is not satisfactory I will send you more? by so doing you oblige your friend.

Respectfully yours

Hope to hear from you soon on the subject. ——— ———.

The above precious epistle contained *one dollar*, which we have sent back to the writer, who must have as poor an opinion of the value of editorial brains as he seems to have of editorial honesty.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for April. Monthly Part. This popular journal is as good as ever. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for June. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for April. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

VERSATILITIES. By R. H. NEWELL, (ORPHEUS C. KERR.) Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GALAXY for June. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for June. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Natural Ink.

There is a plant in New Grenada, which, if the ink-makers could only grow it in sufficient quantities, would be a fortune to them. It is commonly known as the ink plant, and the juice is used without any preparation. Its properties seem, according to a tradition in the country, to have been discovered during the Spanish administration. A number of written documents destined for the mother country were embarked in a vessel, and transmitted round the Cape. The voyage was unusually tempestuous, and the documents got wetted with salt water; those written with common ink became nearly illegible, whereas those written with "chanchi," (the name of the juice) remained unaltered. A decree was therefore issued that all Government communications should in future be written with the vegetable juice. The ink is of a reddish color when freshly written, becoming perfectly black after a few hours, and it has the recommendation of not corroding steel pens so readily as ordinary ink.

JOSEPH NOT A CARPENTER.—When the British Archæological Associations were inspecting the gallery of paintings at Charlton House, attention being called to the picture of Joseph working as a carpenter, assisted by the child Jesus, Mr. Black said he wished that Joseph had been represented in his proper business as a mason, the original term used signifying architect, builder or mason, and not a carpenter. The term carpenter, he urged, was undoubtedly an error, as in the clime where Joseph dwelt no wood was used in the construction of the houses, but stones only.

☞ THE HEIGHT OF RECKLESSNESS.—When our friend Jones was parading along Chestnut street with his pretty wife the other day, he in the rashest manner let out that he had a fifty dollar note about him. Jones went home without a dollar in his pocket—but carrying a lot of bundles. A week after he had just recovered sufficiently to tell us the above as a warning.

☞ New York ladies go calling with pink cards bearing their names in small gilt letters.

☞ A hand-to-hand affair—Marriage.

ITEMS.

☞ "Mr. Jones, what makes the Canary sleep on one leg?" "I don't think anybody makes him, my dear; I think he does it of his own accord."

☞ ONLY RIGHT SHE SHOULD.—Reverend Gentleman—"You don't come to church as often as you used to, Mrs. Chops!" Mrs. Chops—"No, sir, I knows I don't, but I oughter, I'm sure, 'cause you buys a deal o' meat of us!"

☞ NATURE COULDN'T AFFORD IT.—A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that nature couldn't afford it.

☞ It is said that the New Jersey watering-places are rapidly filling up with mosquitoes, and never before were they so thoroughly organized and confident of success.

☞ PLEASANT MEETING-HOUSES.—The poet Bryant says that "the groves were God's first temples." Many romantic young lovers unquestionably find them delightful meeting-houses.

☞ JUST SO.—The reason why editors have their manners spoiled is because they receive so many evil communications from one correspondent or another.

☞ Low collars, and turned over, are the fashion for gentlemen.

☞ Permanent headquarters—The shoulders.

☞ A Pretender to the Crown—A chignon.

☞ A young man with a plump sweetheart may call her lump-sugar.

☞ KEEP OUT OF ANOTHER'S POWER.—By no means put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite.

☞ A musical friend thinks that the first piece of music performed by Adam must have been "Warblings at Eve."

☞ A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation. Another man takes a copy now."

☞ A new color, called blue-green or peacock-green, is very fashionable for bonnets and costumes this season.

☞ With all the boasted superiority of English railway management, more people were killed there in the last three months by railroad accidents than were killed in the United States from similar causes during the whole of the year 1870.

☞ "Atom" visited the French fair in Boston, and thus reports his experience: Young Lady—Sir, wouldn't you like to buy some tickets in a punch-bowl? Atom—No, thank you; I never drink. Young Lady (insinuatingly)—Well, wouldn't you like to buy some cigars then? Atom (with a grave face)—No, thank you, I never smoke. Young Lady (losing patience)—Well, I'd offer you some soap if I thought you ever washed.

☞ Seventy-eight women are now regularly ordained preachers in the United States.

☞ Welcome lines to ladies—Masculines.

☞ Plant sunflowers, if there is any place about your house where water is thrown out and likely to become malarious. This plant has the power of absorbing malaria and purifying the atmosphere.

☞ The different states are moving in the matter of compelling railroad corporations to put down their charges for travel to more reasonable rates.

☞ Rhode Islanders visiting the Capitol have been disgusted to find that the ignorant stone-cutter who carved the name on the bottom of the statue of Gen. Greene, in the old Hall of Representatives, has spelled it without the final E. On being asked why he omitted this letter, he replied that G-r-ee-n spelled Greene, and nothing else, and he didn't see the use of more than two vowels in that word. Besides, said he, G-r-ee-n-e spells nothing but Greeny, and the man's name was Green.

☞ On some of the new palace stock-car lines, it is said that a man goes along to fan the hogs.

☞ A clergyman in Connecticut boasts the title of Rev. Hezekiah Fiddle, D. D.

☞ "Well, my dear," said our good pastor at Sunday-school, to a tow-headed urchin, "I am glad to hear you are getting to be a better boy." "Why, sir," said little Joe, looking up with grave earnestness, "gosh! I ain't been sick."

☞ FOR GENTLEMEN.—It is said that the spring style for gentlemen when passing a lady on the street is to raise the hat with the left hand. It is important to remember that while performing this ceremony the thumb and little finger are to be placed under the rim, and that the bow must be a little to the left side, and not quite so low as formerly. Gentlemen who find it hard to fall into new fashions gracefully, should practice at home before a glass.

☞ "Long engagements," writes a young lady, "are going out of fashion, young men being at last convinced of the stupidity of making matrimonial proposals before they are in a position to fulfill their promise at once."

☞ It is base flattery to call a man an idiot who, in a crowd, will deliberately carry an umbrella or a cane sticking recklessly backward over his shoulder or under his arm.

☞ EDITORIAL DEADLY SINS.—The following are the "deadly sins," as viewed by an editor:—1. Boring him when he is writing. 2. Boring him when he is not writing. 3. Reading his papers without permission. 4. Asking permission to read his papers. 5. Hooking his scissors when the "devil" is clamoring for "original" matter. 6. Laying profane hands on his proof. 7. Asking him who "Q." or "Quidnunc," or "Q. in a Corner" is.

☞ NO LONGER LONELY.—The young man who was "lonely since his mother died" is all right now. His father married a widow with five grown daughters, and they give a party every night.

☞ Seneca tells us that "not to return one good office for another is simply inhuman, but to return evil for good is diabolical." There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There is nothing more dangerous than to oblige such persons; for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way.

☞ An old Brooklyn gentleman started to go to Albany, a short time since, and almost as soon as on board the train asked the conductor if the next station was Poughkeepsie, repeating his question at each succeeding stopping place until the train official curtly said he would tell him when they got there, and upon arriving there exclaimed: "This is Poughkeepsie. Hurry up and get off. We are behind time." "Oh, thank you," deliberately drawled the quondam questioner, "but I am going through. My daughter cautioned me to take a pill at Poughkeepsie. That's all."

What Charlie Griffiths Paid for His Company.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

Out of Laura's very dreariness had grown a calm, deceitful enough to the outside world; and she had schooled herself to the captain's visits with such effect, that, save for a slight constraint between them, they might have been living those early days again, when Laura's tatting was all-sufficient to his mind.

And were these two deceived? It would be hard to answer for the man. Judged by his manner and appearance, the storm of the other night had passed him by, and left him cool and unruffled as of old; and he would chat with Laura by the hour—save for a queer sparkle in his eye at times—the same as ever; and if his voice was a trifle dull, it was plain to see the dullness was but momentary, and cost him but an effort to put by. And so the world laughed and chatted with the captain, and went round in its old, old way—elbowing Laura into its train till she laughed and chatted too; and the blind old world trotted on right merrily, thinking, in its conceit, all was smooth again.

But Laura was not deceived. For all she laughed and chatted as of old, she saw beneath the mask of pleasant words that other man—watchful and waiting for his opportunity—the man she left beneath the gas-lamp not many nights ago. She knew that what she dreaded, yet sought for, was but delayed—was lurking ready when the time should come—the time whose coming she had pleaded against once—the time she would never plead against again. And this was her constraint—this her dread. She eased herself against it as with an armor, and was above all things particular lest their talking should drift any way from the common track—staying her visitors or her maid with countless excuses, to hedge her by their presence from this thing she feared. But the words had been spoken—were the fence never so high, their memory would leap over—was the armor never so stout, their recollection would pierce through; and she knew it.

"You will be at Lady Hellcon's?" he was saying.

Ah! how well she knew it.

"Yes; I suppose I must," she answered, listlessly.

"Her balls are so good, and every one is sure to be there."

But her thoughts were far away beyond the ball and the people—out on the dark wilds that lay on that far side she had yet to travel; and the captain, seeing her silence, and half guessing its cause, took his leave.

It was a splendid ball. The great hall of Elstrode never looked to more perfection than it did on that night; and the Lady of Elstrode never more radiant as she welcomed her guests in the blazing gallery beyond. Bright eyes, rustling dresses, trailing exotics, all were there, flooded with a thousand lights, and perfumed with the breath of lovely women.

Laura had arrived late, later than usual, and her eye wandered restlessly round the crowded rooms with an eager hope that he might not be there. She was leaning on the arm of her host, decked in all the defiance of her beauty, and many turned as they passed to gaze again at that queenly figure, and strange, eager face.

"Are you looking for any one?" asked the baronet.

"No; oh, no! I was thinking how well every one looks."

"I thought so too, until Mrs. Griffiths appeared."

"What! compliments already, Sir George! You forget what old married people are."

Still the captain did not appear.

"Oh, if he does not come?" thought Laura, startling herself with the vehemence of her wish, and half fearing she had uttered it aloud.

"One o'clock;" she looked at her tiny watch; "in another hour I can go;" and she shrunk back among the cushions, as if to hide herself from sight. How slow the minutes pass! Still the same everlasting waltz! How long it seems! Will it never be over! How the maze of figures twine and circle past! And the air, how hot and feverish! Only five minutes gone! And a sad, aching pain settles down like a cloud upon her, and beats an echo to the heartache below.

"I was so afraid I had missed you," said a well known voice at her side. "You are not unwell, I hope, you look so pale."

"No," she answered with a shudder, "no, I don't think I am! How cold it seems! Have you been here long?"

"I have only just come in: the 'trap' broke down half-way, and made me late. Are you not dancing!"

"As you please." She was like a child before him now.

He led her away, and they joined the throng in the centre of the room. But Laura was tired, and, after a few turns, asked to sit down, and so they strolled away to find a cooler place. It was a long corridor, with a rush of air lifting the heavy orange branches that closed round the open windows—dim with the light of colored lanterns; the air drowsy with the odor of the orange-trees and splash of a fountain. Through the open doors floated the distant music and the hum of voices. All else was still and silent. There was a crimson fauteuil in the window near them, with great cushions flung invitingly upon it, and a thick tracery of orange-leaves in front.

"Shall we sit a little?" he asked; and without waiting her assent, he led her to the seat.

An icy dread crept over her, deadening all sense and will, as she sat down, for she knew the time she feared had come.

"Laura!" he said, and his voice grew thick and husky, "this cannot go on; to-night must choose between us. See! I give all—friends, honor, everything that man holds most dear and sacred—for you! I will risk all—everything for you! All that a man can give, I give!"

"And the woman, is it nothing that she gives?" said Laura, in a tone so low, so faltering, that, but for her look, he would not have caught the words.

"Herself—she gives herself; and who can claim a greater right—her husband? Oh, Laura, put away such poor conventionalities, fitted only for the poor loveless souls about us. Surely love like mine is not to be meted by such poor measure! For a few rash words uttered, would you condemn yourself to drag along a life fettered by a man you cannot love? Would you cast from you the deep, earnest hope that waits on your every look, and hangs on your every word.

"And you—can you dare all this for me?"

"Dare all! What have I not already dared? Am I not a perjured friend and coward already? Is it nothing to have cast off all the ties of these years—the thoughts that make a man better than the brutes—the training of a lifetime spent among men whose very life is bound with that which I have broken! Can it be little, the love that has done this? Can such be aught but truth? And you ask me if I can dare!"

For an instant he paused, as if waiting for an answer, but none came; save for the heaving of her breast, she might have been of stone, so motionless she sat.

His eyes were blazing with a wild restless fire, as he drew her, all unresisting, towards him, and laid her half-pillowed on his heart—stealing his strong, right arm around her in all the paroxysm of his eagerness.

"Laura!" he whispered, and he shook as with an ague-fit—"Laura! will you be mine? The mail leaves in an hour. It is but a word, a look, and the worst is over! To-morrow we shall be far hence, where, no one need know, to live together—to love together—to die together—away from the cold world, alone with ourselves, and with our great love! Laura! you can't, you won't say no! Look up, my own, and tell me that you love me! and for that love, will do all this." The burning words rained from his lips; his hot breath swept across her cheek—near and nearer he drew her half-turned head, crushing the dainty gloved fingers in his, and gazing on her silent beauty.

He bent his head, and listened for his fate. A slight breath stole across his brow—was it a sound, or his own mad heart beating the requiem of all his hopes?

The words came distant and low, floating on the heavy air, rather than born of human voice—

"I dare not—no, I cannot. Oh, do not ask me!"

With a wild shudder he listened, drinking in the very breath that spoke to him: a cold dew burst out on his forehead—the room—orange-trees—all seemed dissolved in some shadowy mist—then came voices, merry ringing words, now nearer, now the rustle of a woman's dress, the deep tones of a man in low earnest talk, then another peal of quickly uttered words.

What was it that so startled Laura? The chosen seat was darkened by the branches, and all but hidden by a curtain—her secret, at least, would pass unlearned; yet she springs from her lover's arms, and bending eagerly forward, peers through the curtain—one hand upon it, the other stretched out in a queenly gesture of restraint; her head thrown back, her teeth set fast. With a blinding sense of failure heavy on him, Clements gazes on the sudden change; then he sees the cause. There was no mistaking that laugh, challenging the very echoes, or the toss of showering curls, as little Evelyn James, radiant in her fantastic beauty, and quaint, piquant ways, tripped past him. There was a small halo of delight thrown round her by the devotion of the moustache by her side, that made the little lady shine forth in a loveliness that was all her own, and the corridor rang again and again with her pealing laugh of victory. As long as she was in sight, Laura's eyes never left her; they followed every motion through the leaves, with a wicked expression not pleasant to look upon. Then, as the voices died away in the distance, she seemed to slowly unbend; her arms dropped, her fingers relaxed their hold, the fire died out of her eyes, and with a sigh of pain and relief, she turned to the captain.

"John!" she said, dropping the words from her one by one, as if measuring them, "I will go with you! Whatever there is to be done, do it as quickly as you can! I will leave in ten minutes. You can see me to the house, and then I am yours forever!"

A moment, and he had crossed his great arms round her, and pressed her to his heart.

"Come, John?" she said, gently freeing herself; "what is to be done, must be done at once. In five minutes I will meet you in the outer drawing-room. See! the dance is over, and we shall be observed. Remember, in five minutes!" and she pushed aside the heavy foliage, and was gone.

My Lady Helicon's regrets were profound when Laura came up to bid her adieu; but a convenient headache, which, indeed, was not altogether inconsistent with her flushed face, changed regrets into sympathy, and Laura was able to slip away comparatively unnoticed. In the corridor, Captain Clements was waiting.

"We have just twenty minutes to catch the train in," he said, speaking low.

"I shall be ready at my door in ten! Good-night!" she added aloud, and the brougham drove off into the darkness.

Just as the early mail was starting, a gentleman, accompanied by a closely veiled lady, hurried on the platform.

"Look sharp, sir!" cried a porter; "only just in time. Any luggage?"

"None! Put me in a carriage by myself!"

And the porter's hand made a quick motion towards his waistcoat pocket. A slamming of doors, a shrill whistle, the deep throb of the engine, and the train passed slowly out of the station, carrying with it, at least, two heavy hearts, and widening the breach between a betrayed home and a man's honor with every revolution of its wheels.

And so they went!

Not many hours afterwards, the "down" express rattled into the station. One of the first passengers to jump out was Charlie, his cheery face all aglow in its nest of furs and travelling wraps. Ten minutes later he was at the house in Waterloo Terrace. Hardly noticing the puzzled expression on the servant's face, he pushed past her, and flung open the drawing-room door; then, finding it deserted, left it swinging wide, and tried the dining-room, with like success. Then he stamped up-stairs, and they heard his foot-steps across the bed-room, and into the little dressing-room beyond. Then he came back.

"Where's Mrs. Griffiths? Where's my wife?" he called from the landing-place.

The servants were huddled in a group in the hall, but none was anxious to answer him.

"Hang it! don't you hear?" he repeated, angrily, coming down. "Where's my wife? Can't you speak?" Then he noticed their frightened faces, and he knew something was wrong. "What is it? Speak! you fools! can't you? Is she ill? Is she out? Where is my wife?" But his voice faltered, and his anger failed him.

"Missus came home after the ball, sir, last night, and went off again directly with some one else. I didn't see his face." Thus much said Laura's maid, bolder than the rest in her honest sympathy.

"His face! Heavens! what is this you're keeping from me? Mrs. Griffiths, I say—my wife—where is she? Does she live here still?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" repeated all in chorus.

"Then, where is she? Fools! can't you speak?"

"She went out late last night, sir, and hasn't come back!"

"Gone out—gone out! What message did she leave?"

"She said we needn't wait up for her, sir, as she wouldn't be home all night."

There was a dull feeling creeping into Charlie's heart, that would not be said nay—a feeling of something all wrong, an undefined something—like a black shadow settling upon him—which he could not shake off.

"Has Captain Clements been here?" he asked.

"Oh yes, sir, most days; indeed, Mary says 'twas the captain that fetched missus away."

"Fetched Laura away!" he thought. "What is it all? Somebody ill, perhaps, and a sudden summons. But Clements! Well, he's a good fellow, and I asked him to look after her!"

So he put on his hat again, and leaving directions about his luggage, tramped off to barracks to find the captain. But the captain's servant knew nothing of his master. He had dressed for "my lady's" ball in the town, and had not been seen since. Then he posted across to the orderly-room, to ask Jones what he knew.

"Yes, Clements was absent on a month's leave, preparatory to selling out; his 'papers' had been in since Monday, and he might be in the Gazette any day now."

"Clements sent in his papers!" shouted Charlie, his astonishment gaining on him, "and not tell me! Why, what does all this mean?"

But the adjutant was no better informed than he; and so Charlie left him, with his head full of queer fancies. Returning to the house, he met Mrs. Blessington Smithson, and was for passing her with a bow, but that lady was not to be put off so easily.

"Oh Captain Griffiths, we're so glad you have come back. So sudden, was it not? so unexpected! I heard it this morning at breakfast, and all my appetite was gone in a moment. Of course, people couldn't help thinking it was not all right, though; the captain was so very attentive!"

"What the deuce does the woman mean?" was Charlie's inward exclamation; but he said aloud: "You must excuse my not understanding whom you allude to, Mrs. Smithson. I have but just returned, and have not even seen my wife yet."

"Gracious! Captain Griffiths! you don't mean to say you have not heard it?" cried the venerable lady, lifting up her hands in real astonishment. "Why, your wife has gone off with Captain Clements!"

"It's a lie, ma'am! a cursed lie!" shouted Charlie, "and I'll strangle the first man who dares repeat it!" and he dashed off, leaving Mrs. Blessington Smithson in a semi-torpid state of terror and amazement.

When he reached his poor desolate home, he showered such a peal of knocks against the door as filled every window in the street with faces, and brought up the servants in a bunch to open it. "Speak! you grinning apes!" he cried. "What do you know? where is my wife? What have they done with her? No lies now! Don't you see I'm desperate? I want my wife! Where is she?" Then, without waiting for their answer, which indeed their fright rendered impossible, he ran up-stairs, and began turning over his lost wife's things—pulling out the drawers, tumbling over the neatly folded dresses, holding up the trinkets that lay as she had unloosed them, out-turning the pretty cases, and scattering their contents, till the tables and floor were covered with them. Then his eye fell on a paper, folded like a letter; he opened it, and read—his own letter!

"I'm in a dence of a scrape, and want you to help me out of it. The worst of it is that there's a girl in the case, and she has regularly let me in."

There was no need for further questions; all his furious words were fled, and the cloud might creep on, its shadow no longer undefined. He knew it all!

It was as if a grave had opened to swallow up his hope, his love, his life! He was like a man standing alone on some dreary waste, the waste of a home laid low—around him desolation, and far back, over the distant wilds, the faintly gleaming land of life, that once was all his own, now gone forever!

No; not forever. In his heart rose up a thought, that grew and grew till it set a fixed purpose there, strong and steady. Amidst all the ruin of his hopes, with all her memories scattered round him, with all his load of sorrow fresh and full upon him, the purpose grew and gathered, driving back that other cloud, and filling his heart with a holy calm—the calm of an honest heart, of a loyal man.

"I have driven her to this. This is my doing, and I must lead her back!"

He put the things again in their places tenderly, and smoothed the tumbled ball-dress as if she he longed for was still within it, and pressed the pretty jewels to his lips, and then went forth to find her.

"You must keep the fires up," he said in parting, "and have the tea-things laid. Draw the table near the fire; the nights are cold now, and it's bitter travelling in them. And Mary! see the room is tidy—her room, up-stairs. I'm rough, and my hands don't fold as yours do, and the things are tumbled: she must not find them so. D'you hear, Mary?" He was thinking of her coming—the coming that never came.

Once again in the train, past the flying hedge-rows, and the snug-lying homesteads—past the trooping laborers, whistling their way home in the shortening day—past towns reddening in the gas-light, and moorlands lying cold amongst the chalk downs, and so to the Great City, ever the halting-place of the fugitive, the refuge of the good and of the evil.

But she he sought was not there.

He traced them onwards to a pleasant town, nestling in the bosom of the big, west-country hills, warm and sheltered from the cruel east, and far away from the toil and turmoil of the outer world. Another stretch of rail, and he was there. It was a pleasant town, with long lines of streets climbing the hillside, and bright rows of shops decked in all their Christmas finery, and a grand old monks' hold in its centre, gray and mullioned, with quaint gargoyles, and saintly figures peering from the corners, and deep-toned bells that chimed the hours cheerily as they sped. But Charlie heeded it not. To him the streets were empty, for him no Christmas tide was decking, and the bells chimed on unheard, or spelt out only—Laura! For two days he searched. On the third he found them. It was in an inn without the suburbs—backed by a giant hill, shutting out the town, with a pleasant view over the low-lying meadows across the river to the big beech-woods beyond. The waiter was for showing him up, but Charlie would be alone; so the man pointed out the door, and left him. For an instant, he stood with his hand upon it; then he opened it, and went in. She was sitting, watching through the window, with her back towards him.

"Laura!"

She started with a scream. "Charlie!"

"Yes, Charlie, your husband!" and he crossed towards her.

"Keep back! Don't touch me! Oh, have pity! I dare not, dare not look at you!" and she motioned him back with her poor pitiful hands, and sank sobbing in the chair.

"It's Charlie, your own husband. You'll forgive him, won't you, Laura? as I forgive you. You'll leave this foolish way. We were so happy once. We shall be so happy, Laura, dear!" He tried to lift her to him; but she shrunk away, and clasped her face tightly in her hands.

"Don't touch me! I am bad—bad even to myself, to every one!"

"Laura! dear Laura! don't talk so," he pleaded, and the big drops started from his eyes. "It's all forgotten. See! I call you Laura, my own dear wife! You've been excited, led away; say, Laura, that it is so! Look up, and see how I can smile to see you! Oh, it is such sweet pleasure! See! Laura! see! the old boy's brought you something that will make you smile! A pledge of our new love;" and he tried to press a ring on her wedded finger; but his hands were shaking, and she pushed him from her, and the toy fell on the carpet.

"No—no!" she sobbed. "I'm not your wife! I'm bad—all bad!"

"Laura!" he said solemnly; "before heaven, you pledged yourself to me. By that heaven, I swear to love you—as God knows I have tried! I swear to forget all save that love, all that has ever come between us two! Come! Laura, come! See! it is growing dark, and we have a long way to go. We must not spend our Christmas here!"

But she drooped her head yet more, and thrust him from her, loosing his fond arms as he tried to draw her to him, and sobbing in the agony of her shameful sorrow.

"I cannot—no! nor ever! Oh leave me, leave me to die!"

"God help us, Laura! And is this to be the end?"

"Yes, yes! Don't ask me! Yes!"

He bent him down, and pressed a long-drawn kiss on her glossy hair. "Good-by, Laura—good-by!" A step sounded on the stairs. In the extremity of his grief, he heard it not; but Laura started to her feet.

"Go! in pity's sake, go! And if—if you have still a thought for—for Laura, let him pass—you will, for Laura's sake!"

She had thrown herself at his feet in the ecstasy of her fear, and clasped him round, as if to stay him from himself. There was a dark shadow in the door-way; for a moment it seemed as if it would enter, but it passed on one side, and was lost.

Yet Charlie saw it, and clenched his teeth, with all the hungry impulse of an outraged man's revenge upon him. Then his clenched hands dropped, and his voice sounded clear and low as a woman's. "For your sake—yes!"

He was called "the captain." None knew him by any other name; and the loungers on the pier would raise their hats as he approached, and wonder at his strangely furrowed face, and whisper to one another that "the captain" had seen other days, and brighter, in the land beyond those white cliffs over the tossing water. He would stroll to the end of the long pier, and take his seat with the rest to watch the coming of the English "boat," to catch a glimpse of the fresh English faces he might never see elsewhere. And then he would gather up his coat, and saunter back in the hot sunlight, and through the narrow streets, past the noisy fishwomen and ill-smelling harbor, and so to the little room he called his home. And ever as he entered, he would doff his hat, and unlock the dingy case that held his little treasures, and lay them out before him on the table, and gaze at them so fondly, that the tears would start in his weary eyes.

His friends—the few he had—were wont to joke him on this treasure-case, and ask to see its contents; but in vain. Yet, for all that, the treasures were not much—a tress of hair, and a tiny portrait, with one word upon it—"Laura." Nothing more.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls Wisconsin family, Ohio and Indiana family and City Mills family sold at from $5,25@5,50 for superfine; $5,50@6 for extra; $6,25@6,75 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Northwest extra family; $7@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75@6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—90,000 bus sold at $1,50@1,60 for Penna red; $1,55@1,61 for Ohio red; $1,55@1,62 for Indiana red; $1,64@1,70 for Western amber. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at $1,18@1,20 for Penna, and $1,10 for Southern. Corn—Sales of 105,000 bus at 77@78c for Delaware yellow; 77@78c for Penna yellow; 77c for Western yellow. Oats—Sales of 90,000 bus at 64@65c for mixed, and 65@67c for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $17@17,50, and extra prime at $15,00; Mess Beef at $20@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 14@15c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 9½@10½c, and shoulders at 7½@8c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 11½@12½c; sides at 9c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8½@8½c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tierces at 11@11¼c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@15c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@26c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 15@17c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 13@14c ₩ lb.

COTTON—600 bales of middlings sold at 16@16¼c ₩ lb for upland, and 16¼@16¾c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron sold at $31 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@23 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 34@34½c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Peaches—Sales at 13@14c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@7 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 7@13c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,20; mixed do, $1,00@1,10; Straw, $1,45@1,50.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 500 tons of No 1 at $25 ₩ ton; 500 tons of No 2 at $23; and 700 tons of Grey Forge at $23 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $24@25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed at 8@8½c ₩ lb. Timothy at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

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SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh, love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER I.

TWO ROOMS AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE.

Two rooms at the top of an old-fashioned country house, that stood on the slope of a hill facing due west, so that the fierce burning sun came pouring in all through the summer afternoons, fading carpets and curtains, and making the somewhat tarnished gilding of the picture frames look more tarnished than ever, in the brilliant, uncompromising light. There was no help for it, unless the Venetian blinds were drawn down, or the outer shutters closed, and the house darkened, as though there had been a death in it. Therefore, sometimes the house was closed up in the manner described, and sometimes every blind was drawn up as high as it would go, every shutter thrown back, and the dazzling sunshine flooded the rooms in undisturbed brightness.

Just as it suited the humor of the master of the house. Sunshine or cloud, heat or cold, produced no regulating effect. He was his own barometer. As his will willed it, so was the weather to him, entirely independent of atmospheric influences.

A man of middle height, verging on thirty years of age—pale, restless, with dark eyes, that might have had much in them to read if people could only have fathomed them, or if their possessor had been of sufficiently stable mood to retain one expression long enough for any one to comprehend it. But the eyes shone out with such varied meaning in the space of a few seconds, that people came to the conclusion that nothing could be gathered from them, and that Jasper Seaton was a man of too changeable a character to put much faith in.

Perhaps they were right. He was passionate, and full of whims, which made him appear wavering; yet he had no lack of determination—only, unfortunately, it was overruled by caprice.

"Why has Di the two worst rooms in the house?" asked Jasper Seaton of his mother.

Mrs. Seaton was placidly sitting in the full blaze of the sun, which was gradually turning the faded roses on the carpet to a sickelier autumnal hue, which contrasted unfavorably with their deep crimson counterparts in the more shaded and secluded portions of the room.

Mrs. Seaton did not mind the sun; neither did she mind the gloom when the house was darkened; she was pleased with what pleased her son, and everything that did not please him was in her eyes rank heresy. Therefore his question startled her a little.

"I wrote to say that she was to have her choice of rooms," he continued.

"Of course you did, Jasper; and I showed the letter to Di—and Di flew over the house, in and out of every room, and came down out of breath to tell me that she would have the two at the top of the house, in the north wing, that had been shut up so long. I don't know why, unless it was that she had found a piece of tapestry on one of the walls."

"Anne wished her to have the rooms she used to have," said Jasper, half in soliloquy.

"You did not say so, Jasper, or perhaps Di would have taken them. She was very fond of Anne when she was staying here. Anne was the only one who had any influence over her. She's terribly willful."

"Pshaw!"

"Shall I tell her that Anne wished her to have her rooms? I dare say she would move down if she knew it."

"No," said Jasper; "no—don't say anything about it. She's chosen for herself; let her keep to her choice. But what can have induced her to go up there?"

"She says it is so quiet."

"Quiet! What does Di care about quietness?"

"It's come upon her since her engagement; and perhaps Anne's death has had something to do with it."

And Mrs. Seaton began to sob gently at the remembrance of her lost daughter.

But Jasper only heard the first part of her speech.

"Engagement!" he repeated. "Engaged since I went away? There's not been time. And who on earth is there for her to get engaged to here?"

"I thought you would know all about it, Jasper."

"How should I?"

"Did not Di write to you?"

"Not about that. Who is it? Where did she meet him?"

Mrs. Seaton had been contemplating her son attentively, and saw that he was more than usually annoyed. She began to be doubtful of the part she had taken in countenancing the hasty engagement; so began to defend herself before she was attacked.

"I thought you would be delighted, Jasper. It will be such a relief to get Diana off our hands, and comfortably settled in life; and he's a young man of good family and ex—— that is, tolerable prospects; and I am sure that Diana is already beginning to be quite a different creature; and poor Anne, she would be sure to approve—such a very amiable young man. He—"

"Who is it?" asked Jasper Seaton, impatiently.

"I don't think you have heard his name. He came to read with the rector, the day after you went off to poor Anne. Let me see—that is about two months ago. He's going into the church. His uncle, or his godfather, or it may be his grandfather, I cannot be sure," said Mrs. Seaton—

"Never mind," interrupted her son, "what is his name?"

"Carteret—John Carteret. His father is a Chancery barrister. Rather a large family; and this is the third son. His mother is a relation of Lady Peckford of Driffington. You remember her, don't you? I think Mr. Carteret's second name is Peckford. Yes, it is—John Peckford Carteret. Rev. John Peckford Carteret it will be. It is better than we might have expected for a girl without a penny, like Di."

Jasper Seaton started slightly, then he repeated—

"John Peckford Carteret—going into the Church! What nonsense. Quite unsuitable for a girl like Di. Is he going to teach her theology?" And his lip curled contemptuously.

"I am sure it is a great blessing," murmured Mrs. Seaton. "Other people's children are never like one's own. One never knows what to do with them. How Robert Ellis could think of leaving you guardian to his child I cannot imagine. Why couldn't he have thrown her upon his own family?"

Jasper Seaton answered nothing. He strode up and down the room in the glaring sunlight, and twenty varied expressions flitted over his restless countenance.

Mrs. Seaton did not puzzle herself with attempting to analyze them: her son was beyond her comprehension, and she was content he should be. He was her only son—her only child, now that Anne was dead. He had been more to her even than her daughter; for her daughter had married early, and had lived all her married life in France, and had died there within the last two months, after a short widowhood spent among her husband's relatives.

"You were much too young to be made a guardian. Let me see; it's twelve years since Di came to us—going on for thirteen. It was absurd. But I dare say Robert Ellis thought you would marry her in the end; and, perhaps you might have done, if this had not fortunately happened to prevent it. Di is getting quite a woman now; and there's no saying what unlikely things may happen when people are thrown together.

Jasper Seaton might or might not have heard his mother's speculations; if he had, he paid no attention to them; he was pursuing his own train of thought.

"Only two months since! There has not been time enough!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, you know how impulsive Di is, and how she settles every thing in a moment, and takes a fancy to people at first sight."

"Does she?" inquired Jasper, half sarcastically.

"Well, to some people," replied Mrs. Seaton. "If you remember, she was devoted to Anne from the first minute she saw her, and almost broke her heart when she went away again."

"Anne is not every one; and Anne was very fond of her. And a peculiar expression passed over Jasper's face. "I don't remember any one else having found favor in her eyes."

"She was infatuatedly attached to Dolly, and is just as foolish about Dolly's child—"

"Dolly was her nurse."

"Beggars, and all the idle children in the village."

"She's a sort of waif and stray herself; so, perhaps, has a sympathetic feeling."

"Very likely that may account for it," said Mrs. Seaton, a grateful ray of light breaking in upon her "and she's as willful and as idle as needs be—and, now I come to think of it, never did take a fancy to respectable people: the rector, for instance—she would go half a mile out of her way at any time rather than meet him, and she shuts her eyes all through the sermons. I believe she determines not to listen to them. No—I suppose she doesn't take much to respectable sort of people."

"Such as ourselves," suggested Jasper, cynically.

"Jasper," returned Mrs. Seaton, "you know, just as well as I do, that she's as fanciful as the day's long; and she takes a liking here, and a dislike there, without any reason whatever."

Jasper again repeated—

"But two months—it's absurd!"

"Not at all. John Carteret was quiet, and a contrast to herself, and somehow they became friends—through opposition of character, I suppose; and before I thought of anything but their being likely to quarrel in the course of a fortnight, she came and told me that she was engaged. One can't imagine how such an idea as marriage came into her head—she's seen nothing of the world."

"And therefore believes in it," added Jasper Seaton, bitterly. "This is the most absurd thing that ever happened—it can't be thought of for a moment."

"Why?" and Mrs. Seaton looked up, bewildered.

She could not in the least follow out the arguments that were going on in her son's mind. She could not understand why he should wish to oppose a marriage that would relieve them of what she had long felt to be a burden. "Unless"—and here a new idea darted into her mind—"unless it may turn out a more expensive thing than her being unmarried. He might think he ought to give her a handsome dowry, as John Carteret has to make his way in the world; and doubtless he feels that he has spent enough upon her already, which I am sure he has done. Yes, he must want her to marry a rich man. Of course he does. Jasper is far-seeing; and I am afraid I have been very unwise in allowing this engagement; but it's impossible to contend with such a girl as Di."

And Mrs. Seaton—without waiting for an answer to her "Why?"—felt perfectly satisfied that there was no occasion for one. So, folding her hands complacently, she basked in the great yellow rays that came burning into the room, and fell to lamenting the day that Robert Ellis had died, and sent his daughter home to England.

Jasper Seaton continued pacing up and down the room. Perhaps it was the heat that had sent the dark, angry flush across his face. Perhaps it was the dazzling light that had caused his eyebrows to contract; and yet the clear, dark eyes gleamed steadily from under them, as though gifted with the property of the eagle's.

Presently he spoke again, but without the slightest reference to the intermediate conversation—

"And so badly finished. Where did all the rubbish come from?"

"Di chose it all, arranged it all, and was in an ecstasy of delight when it was finished. I can't think why Di wanted to change at all: her old room was much more comfortable."

"Then you have been up there, mother?"

"Yes."

"The only redeeming feature is the collection of flowers just outside the west window."

"I did not look at it. It made me shudder to see Di standing out on that unprotected ledge, or roof, or whatever it may be—she calls it a balcony. There must be a railing put up."

"Only a square of carpet in the middle of the floor."

"Di said it was summer time, and it would be cooler without carpets."

"She used not to mind the heat. And a deal table with a worsted cloth on it."

"She preferred it to any other."

"What can have come over the girl? She was so luxurious, so gorgeous in her tastes."

"I don's know. I suppose it's a new phase of character," answered Mrs. Seaton, a little wearily.

The sun was so overpowering now, that she was compelled to move more into the shade.

"I really think the blinds might be down to-day—it is so hot," said she, involuntarily.

"Hot!" replied her son, and he laid his hand upon hers.

"Why, Jasper!" she exclaimed, "your hand is as cold as ice."

CHAPTER II.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE TWO ROOMS.

A low room in the roof, with heavy beams across; one window looking northward along a low range of hills that sloped gently down into the broad valley, their sunny sides covered in spring with a glowing mass of apple blossom; another window opening upon the flat roof of an under projection, and looking towards the west, where, evening after evening, the sun descended in a blaze of splendor, sinking to rest in a clear, cloudless space of purest daffodil or dropping down through amethyst and crimson bars, until the distant forest seemed on fire—and then the sun was lost.

"It was the pleasantest room in the house," Diana had declared, when Mrs. Seaton remonstrated with her on her choice "She liked to have a room high up: it seemed nearer to heaven."

Whereat Mrs. Seaton wondered; for Diana was not given to serious meditation.

One side of the room was covered with an old piece of tapestry, a good deal faded in parts, but whereon one might trace part of the story of Persephone; and a classical dictionary, lying upon the table, showed that Di had been making researches, and piecing the story together.

There was, as Jasper had said, only a square of carpet in the middle of the floor, and that of somewhat dingy appearance.

The furniture of the apartment consisted of one or two shabby cane chairs, a low rocking chair, a footstool, some bookshelves, an old-fashioned press, and the deal table with the worsted table cover of which Jasper had spoken with so much contempt.

In fact, if one came to analyze the contents of the sitting-room, one would come to the conclusion that they consisted of an assortment of odds and ends that had been turned out of every other room in the house. There was, however, one exception to the shabbiness of the general belongings, and this was a beautiful inlaid cabinet, of Indian workmanship, upon which were placed a rare Indian vase—holding at the present time a boquet of large white lilies and a small Bible, splendidly bound, with a gold clasp, whereon was engraven, "Diana Ellis, the Gift of her Father." That it had scarcely ever been opened was very apparent; yet, that it was held in peculiar reverence was equally apparent also.

But, despite its incongruous contents, the general effect of the room was not ungraceful; the general arrangement was harmonious, and the colors blended so as to be in keeping with the faded tapestry; whilst the brilliant scarlet of the table cover was toned down by the rusty bindings of the books that lay upon it, the dark mahogany chest, and a great china bowl, filled with roses of all shades, from faint blush to deep crimson, whose delicate fragrance stole through the room, and mingled with the scent that the west wind wafted in from the flowers in the so-called balcony.

Into this room and the adjoining one—that served as a bedroom, and might have belonged to an ascetic—had Diana Ellis moved all her worldly possessions. As may be judged, they were not great; and had they been put up at auction, it would probably have puzzled the most imaginative auctioneer to appraise them to any advantage. And in the midst of her household gods, with her head leaning against the back of the low chair, sat Diana herself, contemplating, with supreme content, the result of her labors.

Small, slender, with a slightly brunette complexion and yellow hair—regularly yellow, soft, tawny yellow, and no other color—her eyes were the deepest imaginable violet, with black lashes. She was, perhaps, more singular-looking than pretty; but, as one came to know the face, the singularity grew into something more charming even than regular beauty.

There was a scornful twist in the lips, and a defiant flash in the dark eyes, and a nervous clenching of the hands that lay as passive as it was possible for one of so mobile a nature to keep them—all telling of a quick, passionate nature, unused to much control; whilst her little foot tapped impatiently on the floor. And yet Diana was comparatively at rest. Suddenly, a softer gleam stole into her eyes, and the lips parted in a half-smile, as she pushed back a lock of yellow hair that had fallen down, and a flush of happiness spread itself over her face like a halo of glory.

Over twelve years since she had come to live with Jasper Seaton and his mother. How bright everything was growing all at once!

Over twelve years since, a yellow, sickly-looking child, under the convoy of a good-humored sunburnt captain of an East Indiaman, had arrived at Broadmead. It had glowed furtively from under its shock of tangled hair at Mrs. Seaton and her son, and had evidently not been favorably impressed—for it screamed convulsively when they attempted to disengage it from the jovial sailor, to whom it clung like a wild animal. But when at length the separation was accomplished, and the captain drove off, the child crouched in a corner of the room and sobbed until it could sob no longer; and, exhausted, fell asleep with its head on a footstool, and the unkempt locks falling about, and the yellow face swollen and patched with red.

"What a very ugly child!" said Mrs. Seaton, contemplating the new arrival.

The swollen eyelids slowly unclosed, and the child gazed fixedly upon her.

"Hush, mother, she is not asleep,"

"Nonsense, these Indian children don't understand much English; and this one seems a stupid little thing."

"Take care; she's doubtless picked up a good deal coming over."

"Captain, captain—me want me's captain," wailed the child.

"The captain's gone away—you won't see him any more," said Mrs. Seaton. "You must get up now, and be a good child, and not cry any more."

"Me not be good! Me not 'tay here! Captain, captain!"

And she began to sob louder than ever, and to scream so vehemently, that Mrs. Seaton, retiring to a distance, regarded her in despair.

"What on earth shall we do with her, Jasper?"

Jasper approached, and tried his powers of consolation.

"Det away—det away, bad man!" and she raised her hand, and dealt so sharp a blow on Jasper's cheek, that he started with surprise.

"Passionate—a young tigress!" commented Mrs. Seaton, contemplating her from her position of security. "One would think her father had been a heathen; at any rate, she's been brought up one."

Jasper looked round the room in search of some diversion, and his eye fell upon a dish of strawberries that was on the table. He put some on a plate, and approaching cautiously, offered them to her.

"Nice strawberries," said he.

The child turned away her head languidly.

"Very nice," he continued, encouraged by her apathy; and he held the plate nearer. Still she kept her face turned away; and he laid it down beside her.

The cold edge touched one little brown hand. She started round; and raising the plate, flung it and its contents across the room. The beautiful china shivered into fragments, and one of the strawberries, rebounding against Mrs. Seaton's delicate silk dress, left thereon a crimson stain.

"You naughty child," she exclaimed, starting up, "you very naughty, bad child!" And she gave her a sharp slap on the arm.

The child uttered no cry, but looked up at Mrs. Seaton with a perplexed look, in which amazement, anger, and terror were strangely mingled. Then crouching back into the corner, she glared at Jasper and his mother like a savage creature brought to bay.

"I don't know what is to be done with her. I can't let Prime be worried with her. She'll be one person's work, that is very certain. She must be tamed before she can come into civilized society."

And Mrs. Seaton, struck with a sudden idea, rang the bell.

"Send Dolly here."

Dolly was the under-housemaid, who had recently been promoted from her village home to a situation at the great house. A buxom, comely country girl, strong and stalwart, but withal soft and tender-hearted especially to dumb animals and young children.

"Dolly," said Mrs. Seaton, "you've been accustomed to children—see if you can make anything of that untamed one."

"Poor little soul!" said Dolly, compassionately.

Dolly had been on the lookout for some days for the little Indian orphan, who was coming hundreds of miles over the sea.

"Naughty little soul!" responded Mrs. Seaton; though I doubt if she's got one. Take her away at once, and don't let me see her again to-day."

Dolly approached her charge.

"Don't it cry, darling; poor darling, poor birdie," she said, in a sort of cooing voice, as though she were speaking to a pet pigeon. "Come with its own Dolly, there's a love. Hush it, hush it," cooed Dolly, though the child did not utter a sound. "Hush it," continued Dolly, soothingly, as she approached. "Poor pigeon, poor pigeon—hush it, hush it!"

There was some fascination in the voice or manner; for the child, thus apostrophized, suffered Dolly to take it in her arms, and, laying its head on Dolly's shoulder, was carried off in triumph.

Jasper and his mother looked at each other.

"Wonderful!" said Jasper.

"Some people have a way with children," said Mrs. Seaton. "I have not. Though I scarcely call that a child; she seems like a young fiend—or, at any rate, a changeling, if one could believe in fairy superstitions. What eyes she has!—they are scarcely human."

Jasper seaton was tempted to agree with his mother, and to vituperate Robert Ellis for leaving him guardian to his child.

"She must be sent to school as soon as possible," he said. "I suppose they will know how to teach her there."

Mrs. Seaton sighed.

"If Robert Ellis did like Anne, and Anne didn't like him, I don't see that it was any reason why he should leave his child a burden to our family," she said.

Which reasoning seemed rational enough.

"He was my father's friend. Besides, I am in Robert Ellis's debt," answered Jasper, shortly.

"Well, you're in a way to repay it with interest," returned his mother.

And Jasper answered, "So it seems."

Thus Diana had arrived like a whirlwind, spreading confusion in the household of Broadmead. And she continued on in a whirlwind. She and Mrs. Seaton appeared to act as irritants to each other; and therefore it came to pass that Diana was given over entirely to Dolly, who was installed as nursemaid in a remote part of the house.

Consequently, Dolly was in the seventh heaven of importance and delight; and Diana infinitely preferred the nursery domains to those of the drawing-room. The latter she seldom entered without leaving it in disgrace; therefore she spent most of her time in retirement with Dolly, a pet spaniel, and occasional kittens.

This continued until she was ten years of age, by which time she had learned to read and write, and could play any tune by ear on the pianoforte.

"Should she not be sent to school?" asked Jasper.

But Mrs. Seaton demurred.

"It was a useless expense; but, as she seemed to have a talent for music, she could take lessons from the village organist. If a girl could read and write, and had one accomplishment, it was enough for her. Perhaps she might have a voice, and many girls were married for their singing. Perhaps Diana might be, if people did not find out what a fearful temper she had."

So Diana took lessons from the village organist, and had an old piano sent up into the nursery, upon which she practised half the day, to her heart's great content.

The village organist was a foreigner, a musical genius. He was enthusiastic over his pupil; and Diana progressed marvellously.

The music appeared to have a beneficial influence upon her.

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,'" quoted Mrs. Seaton; and she exulted in the success of her plan.

Still the drawing-room visits were generally productive of a storm.

"If you would only try to be good, Miss Diana," said Dolly, after one of these constantly recurring outbreaks.

"It's of no use trying, for I don't know how," returned Diana. Then, after a meditative pause, she asked, "How did you become good, Dolly?"

"Me, miss!" returned Dolly, overcome by the suggestion, and recurring to her early teaching. "I'm not good, miss—I'm naturally a child of wrath, miss; but I try to do my duty."

"I thought your mother lived in the village, and your father was Thomas, the gardener, Dolly," returned Diana, with a puzzled look.

"So they are, miss. It's something else I mean. It's all in the Catechism. I learned it when I wasn't as old as you, miss. It's all in the Prayer Book, if you would like to look at it."

And Dolly looked eagerly at her young charge, who had hitherto persistently declined all Dolly's well-meant efforts at religious instruction.

"Should I be good if I learned the Catechism?"

"You'd be a deal better, miss, no doubt."

"I will look at it," said Diana, condescendingly. "Get it."

Dolly brought out the Prayer Book, and, turning to the Catechism, selected the passage relating to one's duty towards one's neighbor. Diana took it, and read attentively until she came to the sentence, "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

"What does 'reverently' mean?" she asked.

"Humbly and with respect," responded Dolly, promptly.

"Who are my betters?"

"The rector, miss, and the mistress, and Mr. Jasper, and—"

But Diana interrupted her.

"If that is what the Catechism teaches, I'm not going to learn it." And she closed the book deliberately, and gave it back to Dolly. "I believe," she continued, after a moment's consideration, "that they are not as good as you are. You're not as greedy as the rector, and you don't go into passions and be cross, like Mrs. Seaton and Jasper. Besides, you always speak the truth. I should think you were my better, Dolly."

"Oh! no, miss," replied Dolly, shocked at the heterodox idea. "I'm not your better, miss; it's only the mistress and such like."

"Oh!" said Diana, nodding her head, gravely—"then, Dolly, I have no opinion of the Catechism."

And thus ended Dolly's ethical and religious effort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Tough Story.

The following story is related in a private letter from London? About ten years ago, a young American from New York—Walter Hastings by name—dining in London, in company with Lord C——, expressed the opinion that solitary confinement in a dark cell was not so dreadful a punishment as had been represented. His lordship—so goes the tale—offered Hasting £10,000 if he would undergo entire seclusion for ten years. The proposition being agreed to, a cell was fitted up in Lord C——'s town house. It was from twelve to fifteen feet square. The prisoner was to be allowed candles, a few books, writing materials, plain food—the latter served by a man who was not to be seen. In this way Hastings has been living for a decade of years, his term expiring about the first of the present month. He is now released, and has received, we suppose, his hard-earned money. He emerges from his dungeon in rather a dilapidated condition, appearing, though only thirty-five, like a man of sixty-five years of age, his frame stooping and his steps tottering, his face sallow, his hair and beard white, his voice tremulous, and his speech hesitating. The question is, *who is* Water Hastings? And why, during all this cheerful seclusion, has no relative of his ever been interviewed? and how has it been kept out of the papers.

Advantages of Being a Stupid Man.

He never makes enemies of his friends, for he does not belabor their reputations behind their backs. He is too honest to insult any one, and, therefore, has no need of coffee and pistols. He is too unique in his stupidity to believe he can be insulted, and, therefore, duels are made up and fought without him. He does not run for Congress—herein he is truly a wise man—for his failings lean too near to virtue's side to be available. The devil needs smart men, and for his purposes "stupid" would be worth little. No one asks him to make a speech at a wedding breakfast or at camp meeting, and, therefore, he is guiltless of foolishness and absurdities incident to such efforts. If he is married, the odds are ten to one that his wife proposed to him, and carried him off in leap year. Then the momentous task of naming the babies devolves not upon him; he would name them something that would be a millstone about their neck. His wife knows this, and names the babies after her favorite characters, with an eye to their future occupation of the Presidental chair. Thus is he saved from inflicting an eternal injury upon his children.

☞ Green kids poisoned a Poughkeepsie lady's hands.

THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly through the lengthened dell,
When April's airs are mild and clear,
Floats chiming up the Sabbath bell,
In softened echoes to the ear!
"Come, gentle neighbors, come away,"
So does the welcome summons say;
"Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time,"
So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.

Done are the week's debasing cares,
And worldly way and worldly will,
And earth itself an aspect wears
Like Heaven so bright, so pure, so still;
Hark how by turns each mellow note
Now low, now louder, seems to float,
And falling with the wind's decay,
Like softest music dies away.

"And now," it says, "where Heaven resorts,
Come with a meek and quiet mind;
Oh, worship in these earthly courts,
But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."
And neighbors, while the Sabbath bell
Peals slowly up the winding dell,
Come friends and kindred, let us share
The sweet and holy rapture there.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 4.

Baron Trenck.—(Continued.)

"It may not be unnecessary to notice the fortunate circumstances that favored our enterprise.

"The sun had just set as we took to flight, and a hoar frost came on. No one would run the risk that we had done, by making so dangerous a leap. We heard a terrible noise behind us. Everybody knew us, but before they could go round the citadel, and run through the town, in order to pursue us, we had got a full half-league.

"The alarm guns were fired before we were a hundred paces distant, at which my friend was very much terrified, knowing that in such cases it was generally impossible to escape from Glatz unless the fugitives had got a start of full two hours; the passes being immediately all stopped by the peasants and hussars, who are exceedingly vigilant. No sooner is a prisoner missed than the gunner runs from the guard-house and fires the cannon on the three sides of the fortress, which are kept loaded, day and night for that purpose.

"We were not five hundred paces from the wall when all before us and behind us were in motion. It was daylight when we leaped, yet was our attempt as fortunate as it was wonderful; this I attributed to my presence of mind, and the reputation I had already gained, which made it thought a service of danger for two or three men to attack me.

"It was, besides, imagined we were well provided with arms for our defence, and it was little suspected that Schell had only his sword, and I an old corporal's sabre.

"Scarcely had I born my friend three hundred paces, before I set him down, and I looked round me; but darkness came on so fast, that I could see neither town nor citadel, consequently, we ourselves could not be seen.

"My presence of mind did not forsake me; death or freedom was my determination. 'Where are we, Schell?' said I to my friend. 'Where does Bohemia lie? On which side is the river Neiss.' The worthy man could make no answer; his mind was all confusion, and he despaired of our escape. He still, however, entreated I would not let him be taken alive, and affirmed my labor was all in vain. After having promised, by all that was sacred, I would save him from an infamous death, if no other means were left, and thus raised his spirits, he looked round, and knew, by some trees, we were not far from the city gates.

"I asked him, 'Where is the Neiss?' He pointed sideways. 'All Glatz has seen us fly towards the Bohemian mountains. It is impossible we should avoid the hussars, the passes being all guarded, and we beset with enemies.' So saying, I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the Neiss. Here we distinctly heard the alarm sounded in the villages, and the peasants, who likewise were to form the line of desertion, were everywhere in motion and spreading the alarm. I came to the Neiss, which was a little frozen, entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade; and when I could not feel the bottom, which did not continue for a space of eighteen feet, he clung round me, and thus we got safely to the other shore. The reader will easily suppose swimming in the midst of December, and remaining afterwards in the open air eighteen hours, was a severe hardship.

"About seven o'clock, the hoar frost was succeeded by frost and moonlight. The carrying of my friend kept me warm, it is true; but I began to be tired, while he suffered everything that frost, the pain of a dislocated foot (which I in vain endeavored to reset,) and the danger of death from a thousand hands could inflict.

"We were somewhat tranquil, however, since nobody would pursue us to Silesia. I followed the course of the river for half an hour, and having once passed the first villages that formed the line of desertion, with which Schell was perfectly acquainted, we in a lucky moment fround a fisherman's boat moored to the shore. Into this we leaped, crossed the river again, and soon gained the mountains. Here being come, we sat ourselves down on the snow. Hope revived in our hearts, and we held council concerning how it was best to act. I cut a stick to assist Schell in hopping forward as well as he could when I was tired of carrying him; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increased by the mountain snows.

"Thus passed the night, during which, up to the middle in snow, we made but little way. There were no paths to be traced in the mountains, and they were in many places impassable.

"Day at length appeared. We thought ourselves near the frontiers, which are twenty English miles from Glatz, when we suddenly, to our terror, heard the city clock strike. Overwhelmed as we were by hunger, cold, pain, and fatigue, it was impossible we should hold out during the day. After some consideration, and another half-hour's labor, we came to a village at the foot of the mountain, on the side of which, about three hundred paces from us, we perceived two separate houses, and the sight inspired us with a stratagem that was successful.

"We lost our hats in leaping the ramparts, but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him authority among the peasants.

BARON TRENCK ESCAPING WITH LIEUTENANT SCHELL.

"I then cut my finger, rubbed the blood over my face, my shirt, and my coat, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded. In this condition, I carried Schell to the end of the wood, not far from these houses. Here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in time of need, and hobbled after me by the aid of his staff, calling for help.

"Two old peasants appeared, and Schell commanded them to run to the village and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. 'I have seized this knave,' added he, 'who has killed my horse, and in the struggle I have put out my ankle. However, I have wounded him and bound him. Fly quickly; bring a cart, lest he should die before he is hanged.'

"As for me, I suffered myself to be led, as if half dead, into the house. A peasant was despatched to the village.

"An old woman and a pretty girl seemed to take great pity on me, and gave me some bread and milk; but how great was our astonishment when the aged peasant called Schell by his name, and told him he well knew we were deserters, he having the night before been at a neighboring alehouse, where the officer in pursuit of us came, named and described us, and related the whole history of our flight. The peasant knew Schell, because his son served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

"Presence of mind and resolution were all that were now left. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the peasant in the chamber. He, however, was a worthy man, and directed him to the road towards Bohemia. We were still about seven miles from Glatz, having lost ourselves among the mountains, where we had wandered many miles. The daughter followed me. I found three horses in the stable, but no bridles. I conjured her in the most passionate manner possible to assist me. She was affected, seemed half willing to follow me, and gave me two bridles. I led the horses to the door, called Schell, and helped him, with his lame leg, on horseback. The old peasant then began to weep, and begged I would not take his horses; but he luckily wanted courage, and perhaps the will to impede us, for with nothing more than a dung fork, in our then feeble condition, he might have stopped us long enough to have called in assistance from the village.

"And now behold us on horseback, without hats or saddles—Schell with his uniform scarf and gorget, and I in my red regimental coat. Still we were in danger of seeing all our hopes vanish, for my horse would not stir from the stable. However, at last, good horseman-like, I made him move. Schell led the way, and we had scarcely gone a hundred paces before we perceived the peasants coming in crowds from the village. As kind fortune would have it, the people were all at church, it being a festival. It was nine in the morning, and had the peasants been at home we had been lost without redemption. We were obliged to take the road to Wunshelburg, and pass through the town where Schell had been quartered a month before, and in which he was known by everybody. Our dress, without hats or saddles, sufficiently proclaimed we were deserters; our horses, however, continued to go tolerably well, and we had the good luck to get through the town, although there was a garrison of one hundred and eighty infantry and twelve horse purposely to arrest deserters. Schell knew the road to Brummen, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, and from thence we went to Brunau, where we were safe."

During the first few months following his escape, Trenck wandered about miserably, pursued everywhere by the vengeance of Frederick, and being obliged sometimes to resist, sword in hand, persons sent in pursuit of him. Proscribed in his own country, he had taken service with Austria. At length, after a series of adventures, of which he gives an account in his "Memoirs" that bears all the impress of sincerity, notwithstanding the extraordinary events to which it refers, he found himself at Dantzic, where he was delivered up to the King of Prussia by the treachery of the imperial resident and the authorities of the city. He was then taken to Magdeburg, and imprisoned in the citadel.

"My dungeon," he says, "was in a casemate, the fore part of which, six feet wide and ten feet long, was divided by a party wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the casemate itself. The window in the outer wall, which was seven feet thick, was so situated, that though I had light, I could see neither heaven nor earth, but only the roof of the magazine within, and outside this window were iron bars, and in the space between an iron grating, so narrow and with such small interstices that it was impossible I should see any person without the prison or that any person should see me. On the outside was a wooden palisade six feet from the wall, by which the sentinels were prevented conveying anything to me. I had a mattress and a bedstead, fastened to the floor by iron cramps so firmly that it was impossible to move it up to the window. Beside the door was a small iron stove and a table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and my allowance was a pound and a half per day of ammunition bread, and a jug of water. From my youth I always had a good appetite, and my bread was so mouldy I could at first scarcely eat the half of it. This was one result of the commandant's avarice, who endeavored to profit even by the food supplies of the unfortunate prisoners. It is impossible for me to describe to my reader the excess of tortures that during eleven months I endured from ravenous hunger. I could easily have devoured six pounds of bread every day; and every twenty-four hours, after having received and swallowed my small portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet I was obliged to wait another twenty-four hours for a new morsel. How willingly would I have signed a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats on my property at Vienna, only to have satiated my hunger on dry bread. Scarcely had I dropped into a sweet sleep before I dreamed I was feasting at some table, luxuriously loaded, where the whole company were astonished to see me, eating like a glutton, to such an extent was my imagination heated by the sensation of famine.

"Awakened by the pains of hunger, I used to find that the dishes had vanished, and that nothing remained but the reality of my distress. The cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented sleep, and looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate seemed to me if possible to increase, for I imagined that the prolongation of pang! like these was insupportable. God preserve every honest man from sufferings like mines They were not to be endured by the most obdurate villain. Many have fasted three days, many have suffered want for a week or more, but certainly no one beside myself ever endured it in the same excess for eleven months; some have supposed that to eat little might become habitual, but I have experienced the contrary. My hunger increased every day, and of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this eleven months was the most bitter.

"My three doors were kept always shut, and I was left to such meditations as such hopes might inspire. Daily, about noon, or once in twenty-four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door was not opened, but my bread and water were delivered through an aperture. The prison was opened only once a week, on a Wednesday, when the governor and town major paid their visit, after my den had been cleaned.

"Having remained thus two months, and observed this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, and of the possibility of which I was convinced.

"Where the table and stove stood, the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that separated my casemate from the adjoining one, in which no one was confined. My window was only guarded by a single sentinel. I therefore soon found among those who successively relieved guard, two kind-hearted fellows, who described to me the situation of my prison, whence I perceived I might effect my escape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining casemate (the door of which was not shut,) and find a friend and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe. Or could I swim that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile distant.

"To describe my plan at length would lead to prolixity, yet I must enumerate some of its main features, as it was remarkably intricate and it involved gigantic labor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Under-Sea Railroad.

It is proposed to lay down a cast-iron tube for railway purposes between England and France. The tube would be commenced at one side of the channel, and laid at the bottom of the sea, being built up inside a horizontal cylinder or bell, to be constantly pushed forward as the building up of the tube proceeded. The line selected for the tube to be thus submerged is close to Dover on the English side of the Channel, and would extend to Cape Grisnez on the French coast, the distance between the two points being twenty-two miles, and the average depth of water one hundred and ten feet. According to this plan, the tube would be made large enough for the passage of railway carriages of ordinary construction, whilst the traffic could be worked by pneumatic pressure, thus securing a constant supply of pure air, and at the same time precluding the possibility of a collision.

Yankee Eating.

Let me tell you that during my six years' residence in America I saw nothing which surprised me so much as the way in which the Yankees eat and drink. Why, I really think it is worth an admission fee to stand at the end of a dining-room and see a hundred Yankees at the dinner-table. Each one has something to eat in one hand and something to drink in the other. When the food hand goes up, the drink hand is down, and when the food hand goes down the drink hand goes up. It always reminds me of one of those walking beams on a steamboat—when one end is up the other end is down. Now, sir, I think this is the reason that the American people are such dyspeptics. Why, sir, I believe that in a world's exhibition of dyspeptics your country could show more in number, and stronger in quality, than all the rest of the world.—*Dio Lewis's Talks About People's Stomachs.*

THE ABDUCTION.

A Tale of the Swiss Alps.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY JOSEPH H. CLOUD.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

How long she remained unconscious she did not know, but when she awoke she was lying on a kind of mat, in a gloomy, dismal-looking place, which was dimly lighted by a lamp suspended a few feet from her low couch, casting a sickly glare over the few objects visible in her dreary abode. Poor Idutha looked around her in mute astonishment, and with terrible anxiety, supposing herself to be incarcerated within the walls of some dark prison; but a few hurried glances around at the rough, craggy walls, and the massive stones which formed the arch-like roof, soon revealed to her the no less startling fact that her dark cell was a hideous mountain cave!

At each end of the cave was a heavy wooden door. One of them was securely bolted and locked, and this one she subsequently found to be the entrance to the cave. It soon became evident to Idutha that the other door led into another room. For what purpose it was used by her cruel abductor, and what it contained, was a matter of great wonder to her. At a few paces distant from where she lay, and directly before her, on a low, rough bench, sat Morset, watching closely, and apparently with intense interest, every movement of his lovely captive, and doubtless carefully marking the effect produced upon her by the discovery of her imprisonment. As their eyes met it was difficult for her to decide whether his look was one of vindictiveness or of mental suffering—at any rate, he appeared ill at ease; but a moment after his countenance brightened, and he smiled as he had often done before, when they had met under pleasanter circumstances. The dreadful horror that fell upon the wretched girl, and the crushing despair which filled her aching heart, as a sense of her deplorable condition flashed upon her, for the time seemed to crush out all hope, and covering her face with her hands, she wept long and bitterly.

For some time after her paroxysm of grief had subsided, she lay almost motionless, thinking of her wretched condition and wondering what her abductor intended to do with her, and for what purpose he had brought her there. After a little while, she turned her head and again looked wistfully upon Morset, as if desirous of eliciting some explanation from him. He rose up, and going to her side, he kneeled down by her, and said, somewhat kindly—

"I hope you are better, Idutha. I had been applying some liniment to your forehead and temples before you awoke, and was glad to find that it relieved you. Will you not eat something now," he continued, after a moment's hesitation; "you have been sleeping a long time, and a bite of something would strengthen you."

She raised herself upon her elbow a moment, and then sat up, and with a pleading voice, she said—

"Oh, Mr. Morset, why have you brought me here—and what are going to do with me?"

"Never mind, dearest Idutha; I hope you will not compel me to keep you here long. You must eat something first; and after a while, when you are stronger, we will talk this matter all over. But please eat now," he continued, placing before her a dish, which till now had escaped her notice.

Her lips curled with scorn at his endearing epithets; but when he said he hoped she would not compel him to keep her there long, she knew that he purposed forcing her to become his wife, or to remain in that loathsome cave as his prisoner. She pushed the dish from her without even noticing what it contained, and with a low moan, she said—

"No, no; I will not eat. Go, Morset, go! Oh, go away from me, and let me die alone, that I may the sooner terminate my terrible suffering."

For a long time he insisted that she should eat—and she finally expressed a willingness to comply with his wish, if he would promise to tell her why he had brought her there, and permit her to return home. He answered that he would explain everything soon, and that she should return home, but that he could not name any particular time for her to go—adding that her liberation depended a good deal upon her own actions.

She fully determined that she would die rather than marry him—and yet, stimulated by a vague hope that her freedom might yet be effected in some way, she concluded that it would be better to accept the food he offered her, and await and trust—trust in Him in whom she had ever placed unshaken confidence; and who, she hoped, would yet send deliverance. Morset brought her water, with which she washed her face and hands, after which she ate moderately. Having finished her repast, she rested for perhaps an hour, sitting on a tolerably comfortable chair which stood by her couch, and which doubtless had been placed there for her especial use; and but for the sad circumstances that surrounded her, the distressing events which had occurred, and the dull pain which all these things had left in her heart, she would have felt almost as well as though nothing had happened. She now remembered for the first time, that when she had walked down to the ledge the previous evening, she had taken her watch with her, and was a little surprised to find that she still retained it. She hastily drew it from its place, and found it still running; she opened it and noticed that it was six o'clock—and she now knew that eleven hours had passed since her abduction, and that it was morning.

A tear started from her eye as she thought of her once happy home, and of the loved friends from whom she had been so cruelly taken, and whom she feared she would never be permitted to see again. And Wilheim, oh, where was he? What cruel fate had prevented him from returning to her? That he had fallen a victim to Morset's hatred and jealousy, she no longer doubted, but whether living or dead she hardly dared to conjecture. Her suspense became terrible, and in the bitterness of her heart, she turned to Morset, who had been closely scrutinizing her all the while, and reminded him of the promise he had made her.

"Tell me the meaning of all this," she again pleaded; "and take me to the dear home of which you have so cruelly robbed me, if you do not intend to murder me here, or kill me with this torturing suspense."

He came instantly to her side, and falling upon his knees, he grasped her hands and without giving her time to resist, pressed upon them a passionate kiss—and then in a vehemently passionate manner, he exclaimed—

"Oh Idutha, Idutha! my darling! my darling! You blame me, and perhaps justly, for what I have done, but you cannot suffer more than I have suffered for you. Would to God you could know with what a wild passion I have loved you from the moment I first saw you. It was my love for you which caused me to act as I have. Once I believed you were mine. I desired to make you happy; I offered you my hand, my heart, my wealth, my whole life, all of which should have been at your pleasure—used for your happiness and yours alone. You rejected me, and when I knew I had lost you, a feeling of desperation took possession of me, and I vowed to secure you or die in the attempt. Oh Idutha, consent to be mine now, my darling wife, and you *shall* be happy; you may not believe it, but I will make you happy; your happiness shall be the one study of my life. I have wealth—I have money, and plenty of it, and all that love and wealth can do to make your happiness complete shall be done. You shall live in a fine house in a beautiful home of your own choosing anywhere on this wide earth. You shall have all that your heart can wish for, and you shall be treated as a queen! Idutha, darling, once more I ask, will you be mine?"

Idutha had expected to hear another avowal of love from her abductor, but when she saw his emotion she was nearly as much surprised as she had been when he first mentioned the subject to her. She looked and listened with mute astonishment, and when he had finished she indignantly replied:

"Morset, how often are you going to rehearse that story in my ears? and how often must you hear my refusal before you will be satisfied? For shame, let me hear no more of this, and take me home again, for if that is why you have brought me here you will be disappointed, for I will die rather than consent to be your wife. I am not devoid of feeling, and might pity you if your conduct toward me had been such as to justify me in doing so; but can you believe that I would consent to marry a man who would abduct me from a happy home, from friends, and from all that is dear on earth, and imprison me in a dark, dirty and ghostly cave? Oh Morset, for the love of heaven be a man, release me from this dreadful captivity, and I will not scorn your love; I will forgive you, I will be your friend; but I tell you I will never be your wife."

"As you will, then," he replied, rising and standing before her, his brow knit with suppressed anger and with some emotion. "But I advise you not to be too hasty; remember that you are in my hands; I love you, and would not willingly harm you or make you unhappy, but I swear you shall never leave this place alive until you accept my proposals! Idutha, where is Wilheim?"

"Wilheim! Oh Wilheim, my beloved, my darling Wilheim!" exclaimed the girl, now excited to the highest pitch, rising to her feet and looking with agonizing entreaty into the hard face of her tormentor. "Oh Morset, do you know where he is? Tell me, if you know, and let me go to him, and I will bless you all my life long, cruel as you have been to me!"

"Yes," he replied, with a fiendish smile; "yes, Idutha Bronberg, I do know where he is, and I know too that he is within my power, and that his liberation and his life depend on your actions. Listen to me. Consent to be my wife, and Wilheim's life shall be spared, provided both he and you bind yourselves by the most solemn oaths never to reveal anything or in any way to avenge yourselves upon me. Refuse, and your lover shall suffer the most horrible death it is in my power to inflict upon him."

"Oh cruel, cruel wretch that you are, you tell me that you love me, and then inflict upon me such terrible misery. Oh Morset, if you love me, for heaven's sake have compassion on me! Oh tell me where he is and let me go to him!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly.

"Would you see him, Idutha? Then come with me, and you shall see him; but remember that it shall be the last time on earth till you behold his corpse. Come, follow me."

And taking a light in one hand and a pistol in the other, he walked to the farther end of the cave and proceeded to unlock the door. At the sight of the weapon Idutha shuddered and shrank back, but she reflected that he could only do his worst, and that he would in all probability do that whether she followed him or not, and her desire to see her lover impelled her on. Morset bent low and went in, for the entrance to the adjoining room was not more than three feet high. She followed, and a feeling of horror fell upon her as she entered the dismal place. Her anxiety was terrible, and she trembled violently. As she entered, Morset set the lamp on a projecting rock.

When she had proceeded far enough to stand erect, she raised her eyes, and there, upon a rough stone and within ten feet of where she stood, sat poor Wilheim, securely bound with strong, heavy chains. He turned and gazed for a moment in surprise at seeing a woman enter his dark and loathsome cell, and as the clanking of his chains smote upon her ear, she uttered a wild cry. Her heart seemed oppressed by a heavy weight—the weight of a hopeless despair—and for a moment she was unable to move.

"Oh Idutha! Idutha!" said Wilheim with strong emotion as he recognized her, "are you here and in the hands of that wretched man?"

She sprang forward, and sinking upon his breast, she threw her arms around him and kissed him again and again, exclaiming, "Wilheim, oh Wilheim! must you die thus?" He printed a passionate kiss upon her lips, and for some time they remained locked in each other's arms.

But presently Morset came forward, and seizing Idutha's arm, he attempted to force her away, saying as he did so, "Come, my pretty one, there has been enough, quite enough of this hugging and kissing for the present." But they clung to each other until Morset presented his pistol to Wilheim's head, saying—

"Look here! Idutha, do you see this? Do not compel me to use it upon your lover; and by ——, I will use it if you do not come away this moment!"

Alarmed for Wilheim's safety she relaxed her embrace, and her tormentor drew her forcibly away and held her with one hand, while he retained his pistol with the other.

A piteous moan escaped her at first, and then she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Scoundrel!" shouted Wilheim, as he beheld the quivering form of his beloved, and saw her helpless condition and her hopeless misery—"May the vengeance of heaven fall upon you, as it surely will. Morset, your day of judgment will come!"

"Aha!" returned the villain, with a sardonic laugh, "I perceive you are a dangerous man! But why waste words?

"Wilheim, would you see Idutha liberated, and would you sacrifice anything to procure her freedom?"

"You know, villain, that I desire her liberty, and that I would make any reasonable sacrifice."

"Then she may be released from here, and so may you, upon the terms that I now offer, and no other." Here he reiterated the proposition he had made to Idutha, and then added, "It can be of no possible advantage for you to refuse to accept my terms. Accept and she shall be made happy, if it is in my power to make her happy, and you, Wilheim, shall have your freedom. Refuse and you die, after having suffered the most excruciating tortures. Show your magnanimity, then, and save her whom you profess to love so well, and save yourself."

"Incarnate villain! wretch, miscreant!" exclaimed Wilheim, vehemently. "Did you suppose that neither I nor that sinless girl possessed one spark of honor? Away with your base offers! Of what possible advantage could it be to Idutha to be linked with such a fiend, when you know she hates, nay, even loathes you? As for myself, I do not fear your threats. I am ready to die for her, unless it pleases God to deliver me, and you dare not, you cannot murder that innocent girl. God will deliver her."

Then turning to Idutha, he said: "Idutha, darling, you will not yield to this vile man; you will not accept his base offers, I know you will not, and God will deliver you, dearest; I feel it, deep down in my heart, that He will deliver you from the power of your vile persecutor. Oh, do not yield!"

"You need entertain no fears, dear Wilheim; I will never be his wife. Even should we both have to die, it will be better to die innocently than to live in dishonor and wretchedness. But, oh Wilheim, Wilheim, it is hard to see you die thus. May God pity us both."

"Away! away!" exclaimed Morset, angrily, pushing Idutha toward the door. "Away to your own room. But stay," he continued in the same impetuous manner; "feast your eyes upon each other just one moment, and remember that it will be the last time on earth!"

A wail of unutterable anguish broke from the lips of the poor girl, as if from a breaking heart.

"There, that will do; now go," said Morset, tauntingly, again thrusting her toward the door.

"Farewell, my dear Wilheim, farewell, and may God bless you; may He be with you and comfort you in your sufferings. If we meet not again on earth, I will meet you ere long in heaven. Farewell!" Idutha said, with a choking sob.

She had scarcely time to hear her lover's affectionate response, ere her abductor had thrust her through the door into the other room, re-entered it himself and closed the door. She sank tremblingly into her chair, and for a long, long time she sat there, silently weeping. Hour after hour passed away and it was again night, as she found by examining her faithful time-keeper. Morset had spent most of the day pacing back and forth in the cave in an uneasy manner. Neither of them had spoken a word, except once when he requested her to partake of some food he had prepared for her; but she turned away from him without speaking, and refused to eat anything.

But when night had come, she remembered that he had not taken Wilheim anything to eat since she had awakened that morning, and turning to him she said:

"Surely, Morset, you cannot be so cruel as to starve poor Wilheim to death. Is this the way you would manifest your oft-repeated affection to me, when you know that your cruelty to him is the severest punishment you can possibly inflict on me? Oh, will you not give him something to eat?"

"Yes, Idutha," he replied; "for one more week he shall have food, for I wish to allow you time to consider the importance of saving both him and yourself by complying with the terms I have proposed. But remember, Idutha, my clemency shall be extended no farther than till that time. When that time shall have expired his food shall be withheld, and he shall die of starvation, unless you yield." So saying, he placed upon a dish some bread, a piece of cold meat, a pie and some water, and carried it to Wilheim. When he came back he prevailed on Idutha to eat, and then ate some himself.

At about nine o'clock she observed that Morset went frequently to the door by which the cave was entered from without. He appeared to be attentively listening for something. Soon three light raps were heard; this was repeated three or four times, and Morset, with pistol in hand, cautiously unlocked and unbolted the door and opened it, whereupon a dark-visaged, hard-faced, villainous looking man entered, and the door was immediately closed, locked and bolted as before. In one hand he carried a basket filled with provisions, and in the other he held a pistol. He handed the basket to Morset and sat down upon the rude bench used by Morset in lieu of a chair, and gazed impudently and steadily at the trembling girl, as if feasting his bold and shameless eyes upon her beauty. A cold shudder crept over her frame as she looked upon the demoniacal wretch before her, for he was the wickedest and the most infamous looking specimen of a human being she had ever witnessed, and she was scarcely able to decide whether he were really a man or a devil.

"Merciful heaven!" she mentally exclaimed, "into what hands have I fallen? and what shall be the end of this terrible drama?"

For an hour or more after the coming of Morset's strange guest the two men were seated side by side, engaged in earnest conversation, though in a tone so low that Idutha could hear but little of what they said. After awhile Morset spread down in the farther extremity of the cave a mat, similar to the one on which our heroine had found herself lying the previous morning. Having completed the necessary sleeping arrangements, he came to Idutha, and pointing to her couch, said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "You had better lie down and rest, Idutha. You need not entertain any fears whatever, you will not be molested."

She did not make any reply; indeed, her heart was too full of conflicting emotions, too near bursting with wretchedness and despair for her to find utterance for even a single sentence at that moment. Morset looked into her troubled face a moment and then immediately retired, leaving the stranger still sitting where he had first seated himself on entering the cave, and it was now evident that the poor wretch was to keep watch while Morset slept. This arrangement Idutha regarded as a precaution on the part of her abductor for his own safety and the safe-keeping of his prisoners, for he knew very well that it would be no difficult task for his injured captive to terminate her persecutions by despatching her tormentor at a blow if he suffered himself to sleep without a sentinel; and well he knew too that she would, under existing circumstances, be justifiable in doing so. In a few minutes Morset was sound asleep.

The awful fears which Idutha experienced when she found herself alone with that loathsome man were almost unbearable, notwithstanding Morset's assurance that she had nothing to fear. Hour after hour she remained sitting, fearing to lie down or even to move from her chair, although she was so weak, so nearly exhausted from trouble and want of rest, that it was with difficulty that she could retain her position. She kept her hand to her face, but watched the man through her fingers. He continued to gaze upon her with brazen impudence, and for scarcely a single moment was his attention diverted from her. Finally Idutha's exhausted nerves refused to sustain her longer in a sitting posture, and she was compelled to lie down, resolving, however, not to sleep if she could possibly avoid it. Exhausted nature, however, at length gave way, and the sufferer slept.

When she awoke the morning was far advanced; the stranger was gone, and Morset was stirring about, apparently making preparations for their frugal morning meal. When she had risen from her bed, he brought her a basin of water and a towel, saluting her with a polite "good-morning," and a pleasant smile, and when she had washed he supplied her with a tolerably comfortable, though not a very dainty breakfast.

Thus day after day passed, and every night Morset's companion returned to keep watch while his master slept. As he came in the second night, Idutha heard Morset call him Holstein, and by that name we shall now call him.

A week had gone by, and there was no more hope or prospect of deliverance than there had been on that first terrible morning when she had awakened to find herself in her doleful prison. But a single day remained till her lover must begin to die that terrible death—*starvation*. We will not attempt to describe the feelings with which Idutha saw that dreadful hour approaching, for she did not doubt that Morset would then begin the execution of his promised revenge. She now began arduously cogitating in her mind for some plan of escape from the terrible doom which seemed to await herself and Wilheim. For a long time she sat thinking, ruminating, meditating, but nothing feasible suggested itself to her mind, nothing that afforded her one ray of hope.

Once she contemplated the idea of watching for an opportunity of striking her captor a blow that would at least stun him until she could succeed in obtaining the key, and flying to her lover, endeavor by some means to release him; but she had noticed, from the first, that Morset was constantly on his guard, and she remembered, too, that he carried his pistol in his pocket, ready for action at any moment. Then she thought of her money, of her wealth, for, as we have before stated, she was heir to a large estate. Might she not purchase their liberty with money? And might not the securing of her possessions have formed a part of Morset's motives for his persistent desire to get possession of its owner? Here was an idea that had not occurred to her mind before, and the longer she thought of it the more firmly was she convinced that, although she was confident that he really liked her, the desire to possess himself of her wealth was, doubtless, a strong incentive to his actions.

At first she thought of offering him all her wealth for her own and her lover's freedom. But a second thought convinced her of the futility of such an offer, for she had no money with her, and it was absurd to presume that he would release them on the strength of a verbal pledge, and then present his claim after he had liberated them, especially as a considerable part of her fortune would not fall into her hands for more than two years. Thus vanished all hope of effecting her escape by any effort it was possible for her to make. Only her trust in God was left. In Him had she ever put her trust, and to Him alone did she now look for deliverance; and hopeless as her condition now appeared, so far as human intervention was concerned, she still endeavored to exercise faith in God. And burying her face in her hands, she poured forth her soul in earnest, silent prayer.

While thus engaged a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice said—"Idutha!" She raised her head, and looked up. It was Morset who spoke.

"Idutha," he said, "the time has now almost arrived when you will be favored with a last opportunity of accepting the proposals I have made you. To-morrow you will be granted the last privilege of deciding the fate of your lover and yourself. Can you be so obstinate as to refuse compliance with my offer now, when you know that your refusal will be followed by such fearful consequences? I shall not long argue the case with you. I have only now to say, accept, and I will do as I have said; refuse, and to-morrow morning Wilheim will have eaten his last morsel, and I will take you away to some distant land and place you where all hope of escape will be forever cut off, and you shall be mine; whether lawfully or not, you shall be mine! Remember, there may be some chance of your returning to him at some future day; for, if I die first, you will be free. What have you to say?"

"Oh cruel man!" she replied, in an agonized voice, "how can you insult me with such base language and such base offers after all the misery you have already brought upon me? Oh! will you not relent?"

"I will not," he replied, in a decisive manner. "Perhaps," he added, "you had better consult Wilheim once more, and tell him that you will be free at my death, and that that is your only hope, and surely a better one than you can possibly entertain if my propositions are rejected. You may avail yourself of that privilege now if you wish. Will you do it?"

She had no idea of acceding to his terms, but the desire to see her lover urged her to allow the matter to be laid before him once more. Besides, the dreadful thought of what her lover was about to suffer, and the disgrace that would be brought upon herself, was well nigh breaking down her resolution to brook the consequences of a final rejection of Morset's suit, and she determined to submit to Wilheim the final decision; well convinced, however, what the decision would be. She therefore said—

"I know he will not listen to your proposals, but I will go with you and hear what he has to say."

Accordingly the door was unfastened and they went in, Morset carrying in one hand the lamp, and in the other his pistol, as before. Again did Idutha fly to her lover's side, and again was she drawn forcibly away by the cruel Morset.

"Wilheim," began Morset, after a moment's hesitation, "you are doubtless anxious to learn the purpose for which we have again visited you. Permit me to say that it is to inform *you* that Idutha has finally concluded that it will be better for her to accede to the propositions I have made than to accept the consequences of a refusal." He then proceeded to rehearse the conversation that had just passed between Idutha and himself.

"Oh, Idutha, Idutha!" exclaimed Wilheim, in an injured and despairing tone. "Can it be possible that you have yielded at last to the base offers of that dark villain—that you have compromised your honor with an outlaw and a demon? Oh, Idutha, I entreat you to reconsider your decision, and spurn that man as you would spurn a viper. You cannot save me by this act, for I would readily suffer a thousand deaths rather than subscribe to the required oath. Fool that he is! Of what force would be an oath administered by an outlaw?"

"No, dear, dear Wilheim," returned the trembling girl; "he is a lying villain! I have not accepted any offer he has made me. But oh, Wilheim, I must confess that the dreadful thought of the cruel death which I fear awaits you, and the disgrace which I cannot avoid, had almost unnerved me; and I only consented to his proposed consultation with you, resolving to abide by your decision, no matter what that decision might be."

Then turning to Morset, she said, defiantly—

"Morset, hear my final decision. Be the consequences what they may, I swear I will never be your wife; and if you kill Wilheim and compel me to live with you, I will not rest day or night till I devise some means to take your life! Go, now, vile man, and do your worst; I will not retract one word."

"As you will, then," returned Morset, in a fury. "Wilheim, you know your doom, and need not that I repeat it to you. As for you, Idutha, from this moment I claim you as mine; my wife! and I now propose to begin our honeymoon by kissing my bride!" And before the astonished girl had time to make even an effort to resist him, he had caught her in his arms and kissed her. With a desperate effort she wrenched herself from his embrace, and, driven to madness by his cruelty and his impudence, she sprang upon him like an infuriated tigress, and dealt him a blow which sent him sprawling backwards.

As he threw out his arms to protect himself in falling, his pistol fell from his hand, and, striking a stone, exploded. The muzzle was turned towards him, and as the loud report of the weapon rang with a deafening sound through the cave, the wretched man, with a curse and a groan, fell to the ground, and immediately expired! Poor Idutha, frightened almost out of her senses at the consequences of her blow, fell upon her knees, and throwing her arms around Wilheim, exclaimed, in an excited manner,

"Oh, Wilheim! Wilheim! this is a terrible scene! Will God ever forgive me for what I have done?"

"Forgive you, dearest? I am sure he will, if, indeed, there is anything to forgive. You have acted only upon your own defence, and mine, and self-defence is the first law of nature; one to which both man and beast are, or should be, true. There was no other alternative; you have acted bravely, and I am quite sure that you have done right, and that you will be fully acquitted at the great Judgment Day? But, Idutha, darling," he said, tenderly, "assist me now to loose these fetters; we are not entirely free yet, I fear. We shall have yet to deal with Morset's accomplice, Holstein, I presume. You have doubtless seen him. Has he not visited this den frequently since your imprisonment?"

"Oh, yes, every night," she replied; "or, at least, some man or demon, for he is the most desperate looking man I ever saw. But, dear Wilheim," she continued, feelingly, "what can I do for you? How are these dreadful shackels to be removed? Oh Wilheim, when I hear the clanking of these cruel chains, I feel in my heart that I have done right, and that I shall indeed be acquitted. But see," she said, looking at her watch, "it is seven o'clock, and Holstein comes every night punctually at nine. There must be no delay."

"I think there may be found, somewhere in the other room, the implements with which Morset intended to remove my chains, in case he had succeeded in his plans. He certainly knew that you would never yield unless I were liberated, and he has doubtless provided the necessary implements and kept them in readiness. I am sure those with which my fetters were rivetted must be here. Please take the light, and see if you can find a file."

She obeyed with alacrity, and as she passed by the ghastly corpse of Morset she shuddered violently. But she delayed not, and in a very short time she found a small box, concealed under Morset's bed, which, during the daytime he had kept rolled up, by the wall. But, alas! the box was locked, and the key was in the dead man's pocket. She sickened at the thought of being compelled to rifle the pockets of the dead, but there was no help for it. Time was swiftly passing, and should Holstein arrive before they were ready for him, and be refused admittance, suspicion would be excited, and it was probable that he would procure assistance and take them by force. She went back to her lover and informed him of what she had found, and proceeded to search for the key, which she soon procured, and returning, she hastened to unlock the box. As she lifted the lid, she uttered a cry of joy! There were instruments of various kinds, among which were two large new files. She hastily caught up such as were most needed, and almost flew to her lover's prison, holding them up before his eyes, her own fairly glistening with delight at the prospect of soon being able to liberate her beloved Wilheim!

She now proceeded to the arduous task of filing off the strong fetters. The loud grating, screeching noise which the file produced was music in her ears. Rivet after rivet gave way, until, at the expiration of an hour, the last fetter had fallen off. With an exclamation of joy, she dropped the file, and as Wilheim rose up, she leaned her head upon his breast, almost exhausted. He caught her in his arms and passionately exclaimed,

"Heroic, noble girl! My darling! my darling!"

They then proceeded to the other apartment to await the coming of the remaining foe.

"What shall we do with him when he comes?" Idutha asked.

"Shoot him, as we would a prowling wolf," replied Wilheim. "If we do not kill him he will kill us. He is a desperate outlaw, and deserves no better fate, though I regret the necessity of taking his worthless life; but there is no help for it, no alternative; he must die."

Wilheim now proceeded to hastily reload the pistol by which poor Morset had just met his doom. After a brief search he found his own pistol, of which his captors had previously robbed him, and which he found loaded. They then stationed themselves near the door, standing in such a position that the door, on being opened, would screen them from sight. Poor Idutha stood with beating heart, awaiting the dreadful event which she knew must soon take place.

But she had not long to wait, for soon the well known rap, rap, rap, was heard on the door; it was repeated the third time, and then Wilheim unlocked and unbolted it. Slowly and cautiously he opened the door with one hand, holding up his pistol in the other. A moment after Holstein entered.

The smoke from Wilheim's pistol curled up to the rough arch above, and the wretched outlaw fell dead at his feet! He then immediately fastened the door again, after which he turned to Idutha, who was still standing where he had placed her; she was trembling like an aspen leaf, her face almost colorless. The terrible events which had recently occurred had preyed heavily upon her spirits, and her heart almost sank within her as they recurred to her mind; but she hoped that these sore trials were now terminated, and that a life of happiness was in store for her.

Terrible as the ordeal had been, those trials had taught her many useful lessons, and confirmed in her mind many important truths; and not the least of these was, that "It is not a vain thing to trust in God, and that God will deliver those who put their trust in Him." She remembered that it was at the very moment when she had relinquished all hope of escape, except through the interposition of a kind Providence, and had bowed her aching head in humble prayer to God for deliverance, that Morset had sealed his own doom by his proposition to visit Wilheim's cell for a consultation; and a sigh of relief escaped her as her betrothed turned to her, after having secured the door, and taking her trembling hands in his, said, tenderly,

"This is indeed terrible; but, thank God, we are free! Let us thank him, Idutha, for His merciful deliverance."

And together they knelt down and lifted up their hearts in humble gratitude and thanksgiving. Then Wilheim drew her to a seat, where they sat down to wait for the morning, that they might return to their home and friends once more. Long, indeed, appeared the tedious hours, and a hundred times did the anxious girl examine her watch to note the time. But morning came at last, and with it the lovers left their dark prison.

The entrance to the cave was entirely concealed by underbrush, but they pushed through the bushes and soon beheld once more the welcome light of day, and breathed the pure mountain air again. They found themselves in a strange place, but immediately set out in a direction which Wilheim believed would lead them into a public road of which he had some knowledge. Nor was he wrong, for, after toiling on for more than two hours, down the mountain declivity, over rough rocks, and across deep ravines, they reached a tolerably smooth road, over which he had occasionally travelled. Tired and weary, but with light and thankful hearts, they renewed their homeward journey.

As the sun rose high in the heavens the heat became terribly oppressive to our wearied pedestrians, and Idutha's tired limbs began to give signs of exhaustion. When they had proceeded a few miles further they stopped to rest and to procure a horse for Idutha at the humble residence of an old Swiss, whom Wilheim had seen before, and with whom he had formed some acquaintance. The old man and his good wife were deeply moved at the recital of the wrongs and cruelties they had suffered, and readily granted their request.

The old lady hastily prepared them a comfortable dinner, which they gratefully accepted—and after an hour's rest they recommenced their journey, feeling much refreshed; and by three o'clock in the afternoon, Idutha stood upon the threshold of her own pleasant home once more.

Mrs. Brenberg was sitting at a window, looking out at the lovely flowers, which Idutha had planted and carefully reared with her own hand, and seemed absorbed in deep thought. As Idutha entered, she rose with a cry of joy and surprise, and advanced to meet her. Idutha threw her arms around her relative, and said, in a voice which was tremulous with emotion—

"Oh, aunt, if you only knew what I have suffered!"

It was enough for the sensitive heart of the good woman; she knew that something dreadful had happened; she had for some time mourned her as dead—and they wept together. When they had regained their composure, the lovers related all that had happened; and Wilheim also told the particulars of his capture by Morset and Holstein, who, he said, had rushed upon him from a dense thicket, while travelling across the mountain, and ere he was aware of their presence, they had seized him, and proceeded to rob him of all he had, including his pistol—after which, they conducted him to the cave, where Idutha had found him.

They found the whole neighborhood in great excitement on account of Idutha's mysterious disappearance—and for miles around every inch of ground had been hunted over, in search of the missing girl. Nearly every person in the neighborhood who was of sufficient age, was employed in the search, and they were still searching when Idutha and her lover returned. Mrs. Brenberg herself had just returned, in company with some of her neighbors' wives and daughters, from a long tramp over the rough hills.

The news of Idutha's return spread like wildfire over the neighborhood, and from every direction the good people came flocking into the Brenberg place, all eager to grasp the hand of the lovely girl whom they had mourned as dead; and there was a time of rejoicing, such as had seldom been witnessed in all that region before.

Only two days remained till Idutha would be eighteen; and all declared that her marriage must take place at that time, that being the day previously set for the wedding.

The time was short to prepare for such an occasion, but all expressed not only a willingness, but a desire to assist in making the necessary preparations.

Neither Wilheim nor Idutha objected—so the bridal-dress was purchased, and there were busy hands and a merry time at Brenberg's during the two days preceding the wedding. A general invitation was given—and when the hour arrived for Wilheim to lead his happy bride to the altar, all was in readiness.

It was a delightful day, and the ceremony was performed in presence of a large number of guests. Nearly an hour was spent by the guests in congratulating the happy pair, after which a sumptuous dinner was served.

Reader, our story is told. We have only to add, that Holstein proved, as Wilheim had said, to be a lawless wretch, who for years had been known to have committed many attrocious crimes in the mountains; but had always contrived, by some means, to evade the law. The inhabitants, to whom he had long been a terror, were only too glad to get rid of him. Of Morset's former history nothing was ever learned, except that he had occasionally been seen with Holstein, and was supposed to have been associated with him in many of the depredations he had committed.

Their bodies were taken from the cave in which they had met their doom, and interred in the forest without ceremony.

THE END.

Citizens Should Always Be Ready to Repress Rowdyism.

The horse car in which the recent murder in New York took place was filled with passengers; and it was every decent man's direct business to take sides against the drunken bully as soon as he began his insults, and had they done so he would have been silenced or pitched from the platform in less than two minutes. We Americans are quite too much given to non-action at times on the ground that interference is none of our business; but there are many cases in which every moral and social consideration imperatively demands that one man should aid another in preserving and protecting what is but a common prerogative. This rule for guidance applies especially in travelling; on every street-car and steam-car all persons are bound to actively assist each person in the maintenance of his right and privilege, and against the abuse of ruffians.

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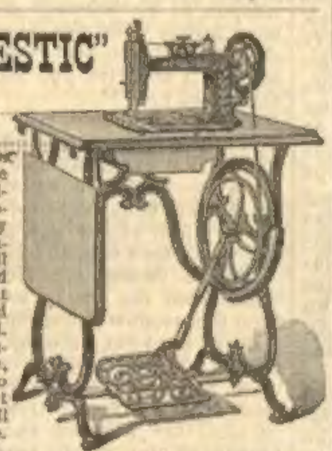

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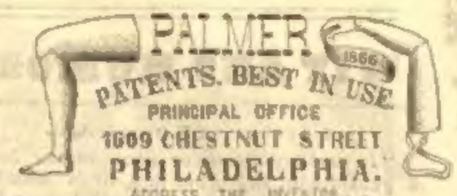

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Seeker of Knowledge.

"Is that anthracite or bituminous?" asked a gentleman, the other day, of a man engaged in dumping a load of coal down a hole in the deck of one of the Brooklyn ferry boats.

"Eh?" replied the man of coal.

"Is that anthracite or bituminous?" again inquired the seeker of knowledge, in a bland and conciliatory voice.

"If you mean that place where I'm dumpin' this here coal down, it's the fire-room," replied the son of toil, with a look of pity at the questioner for his ignorance.

There were no more questions asked.

Hard on the Painter.

A painter was employed in painting a West India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got alongside for the purpose of going on shore, ordered the boy to let go the *painter* (the rope which makes fast the boat.) The boy instantly went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "*He's gone, sir, pots and all.*"

HASH.—It is related that a boarding-house keeper in Arkansas, was once disturbed by a report that his boarders were mutinous because of the too frequent appearance of hash on the breakfast-table. Accordingly he descended to breakfast the next morning, laid one portentous horse-pistol on each side of his plate at the head of the table, and said: "Any gentleman who says he don't like hash, lies. Mr. Brown," he continued, turning to the nearest border, "will you take hash?"

THE QUORUM.—The New Orleans Times credits a colored member of the Legislature with the following felicity: "He said, with a grin which revealed his ivories to the very hinges, that 'dere was no breech ob de korum, for de korum was dere; ready for de count.' This outburst created a gleam of sunshine on what all else was dark and stormy."

GOOD ADVICE.—An Elmira farmer wrote to Horace Greeley for advice as to the best kind of bees to keep, and received an answer to the effect that "husking bees" were the best, but in order to make them lay honey profitably, he must use a china nest egg, and blanket his bees when they are not on the nest—and feed them bran and middlings.

A SMART BOY.—Janesville, Wisconsin, is noted for its smart boys. The latest story is told of a youth of six summers, who was taken to task by his aunt for some supposed offence which he persistently denied.

"Now, Jonnie," said she, "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye."

"Pulling down the lower lid of the organ which had well-nigh betrayed his veracity, Jonnie exultingly replied:

"You can't tell anything about it, aunt: that eye always was a little streaked.

AN APT COMMENT.—The Christian Union tells a story of a drunken man who was converted on Friday, baptized on Saturday, received the Lord's Supper on Sunday, got drunk on Monday, and was turned out of the church on Tuesday. His comment upon these "double-quick" ecclesiastical experiences was worthy of a man of more sobriety: "Anyhow, I was just as good when they turned me out as when they took me in."

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.—*Teacher*—"Boy at the foot of the class, spell admittance."

Boy—"A-d-m-i-t-t-a-n-c-e—admittance."

Teacher—"Give the definition."

Boy—"Fifty cents; children half price; front seats reserved for ladies."

"IS ANYBODY waiting on you?" said a polite dry-goods clerk to a girl from the country.

"Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel: "that's my feller outside. He wouldn't come in."

The Bachelor in Love.

A bachelor in love loses a dimple or two, grows melancholy, reads poetry, and looks at the moon; is nervous about his necktie and his gloves; consults his aunt as to what kind of hat girls most admire; changes the style of his frequently, but is never satisfied. His countenance is as changeable as his necktie; now she has smiled, and he is radiant; now she has frowned, and he wears a furrowed brow, and looks in at the apothecary's windows, and thinks of laudanum. He resolves to settle down, and limits himself as to cigars. If his laundress sends him home a shirt-front not quite perfect, it grieves him to the heart's core. He passes the most golden-haired damsel without a glance. He goes no more to see burlesques. His bouquets are anonymously sent to the object of his adoration. He is hourly afraid of revealing his condition of heart, but makes it manifest unconsciously to all beholders. Fiendish passions dwell within his breast. He hears that she has been at the opera with young Fiasco, and wants to kill him. He says fiercely in society that he approves of duelling, and that should he call a man out he would aim at his heart. When Vilikins asks him "if Dinah is not lovely?" he says, "Good heavens, no!" Only one is beautiful to him. He would like very much to work hard and make a fortune, but he cannot do it. He horrifies his employer by entering as an item in the ledger "1,000 Angels." He is suddenly seen to clasp his brow at dinner-time, to the horror of the waiter, who, believing him to be choking, beats him on the back and offers him water. He goes surreptitiously to so-called clairvoyants, who describe "a light-complected young lady, sir, and her face turned your way, and her heart in her hand, if you can only get over the cross betwixt you." He thinks the cross is young Fiasco, and grows dangerous. Suddenly you see the bachelor in love amazingly altered. He smiles, looks happy, eats comfortably, and nods to his old enemy, Fiasco. Then you may be sure that he has, somewhere in his bosom, a certain photograph, and that the original of the picture has blushingly advised him to "ask pa."

☞ The size of bottles is getting to be an exciting topic in England. It is claimed that a pint bottle ought to hold a pint.

PORTER, confidentially (train just moving off)—"I'd have an eye about me if I was you, sir. This train don't stop no more fur forty minutes, and she must be a little crazy, for she's bin trying to kiss us porters." [*Delight of Rev. Jabez Veail.*

LOVE AND WAR.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
  Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
  Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
  I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
  His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
  Like bells that ring with marriage glee:
But war leapt out of Hell, and stole
  My lord from me.

Wild clarions shook the common weal;
  The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
  To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
  Wind westward in their bearded might;
I heard the giggling bugle-horn
  Laugh at the drum's delight;
I held the stirrup for his foot,
  The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
  Like light from me.

Came one at length with trembling pace,
  And *fearful* speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
  And one poor victory.
Another and another came
  With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
  Of heroes gone to rest:
Then came the laureled legions home,
  To lovers waiting wistfully:
But oh, dear Lord, *he* never came
  To me—poor me!

I know not if I waked or slept
  That weary, weary, woeful night;
I only know I never wept—
  My eyes were dry as light:
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
  The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
  Above the conquered slain:
And then he seemed to be alive;
  I clasped him—oh, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms:
  God pity me!

A MOONLIGHT MARK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY BURR THORNBURY.

I had gone up to B——— from the city to stay over Sunday at the house of a relative, living in a fine old country mansion, a short distance from the county-seat. My cousin's family consisted of himself and wife, and two children, a son and daughter—the son being away at the time and not expected back for some days. The borough had been the scene of recent depredations by burglars, and I found the good citizens in a rather uncomfortable state of excitement in regard to the matter. My relatives, living somewhat isolated, and in a dwelling which from its appearance would naturally be supposed by marauders to contain as much plate and jewelry as any residence in the borough, appeared even more concerned about the safety of themselves and property than was necessary; the female portion of the family I mean, including, as I omitted to mention, three lady-boarders. It was summer, and my cousin usually took them, as much for their society as anything, they being old and valued friends of the family.

On the evening of my arrival, one of these ladies, while walking in the grounds about sunset, had been accosted by a stranger, leaning over the fence, and asked if a gardener was not wanted for the place. She thought it was rather late in the season for such an application, and not liking the appearance of the man, detained him a moment after replying in the negative to his inquiry, by making a remark or two, in order that she might obtain a better view of him, to assure herself if he were really the character he represented himself to be. The survey was not satisfactory. The hands of the applicant for the position of gardener were white and well-shaped, indicating that they had not been accustomed to such employment. Her suspicions and fears were aroused, the more so after seeing the stranger joined by a companion after he had proceeded some distance down the road.

Entering the house, she informed the family of the circumstance and the conclusion was that an attempt would be made to rob the house, the object of the pretended gardener being to reconnoiter the premises and determine upon the best method of effecting an entrance. A broad piazza surrounded the house on three sides—and with the aid of a short ladder, or by climbing a tree that stood near the western corner, and thence along the branches to the roof, a landing might easily be effected, and a broad base for operations at the numerous chamber windows be secured. The dwelling did from these very facts, present an invitation to the house-breaker to select it for his work.

The family were of course aware of the opportunities afforded any one who might attempt unlawful entrance, and this knowledge seemed to increase their timidity. My cousin—as men often do, even when they are not entirely unconcerned themselves—jested at the alarm of the rest, but admitted that the fastenings had better be looked to.

After a pleasant evening in the parlor—we were social and merry, notwithstanding the possible danger—everything was made secure below, and we retired for the night. Attending me to my chamber-door, my host slipped a small but lively-looking pistol into my hand, remarking that it was carefully loaded and might be of service in case we should be disturbed. I assured him that I did not feel much uneasiness. My chief concern being the disagreeableness of sleeping during a summer night with closed windows—declaring finally that mine should be down at the *top some distance*, if Beelzebub himself entered. I took the weapon, after learning that my cousin had reserved one for himself, and being familiar with its use and a good marksman, placed it under my pillow, with a feeling that it was indeed companionable.

My chamber was at the west end of the house—where stood the tree already mentioned, and was the one occupied by the absent son whenever he was home. However, as he would not return till the next Tuesday, its use was granted to me.

Securing my window at the bottom, and placing a cane, that I found in the corner, in such a position against the upper sash that any attempt to lower it further would cause the cane to fall with a noise which I knew would arouse me, for I am not a heavy sleeper, I gave a parting look outside before retiring. It was a lovely summer night, the round, white moon rolled through a sky of melting azure, and objects were almost as discernible as by day. It was a poor night for burglars, so still and bright—but perhaps as they had been pretty bold elsewhere, they would venture. I sought my bed, and was soon sleeping, though not with entire tranquility. I dreamed that some one had entered the room, and ignoring my presence entirely, was busily engaged in packing up the furniture. This seemed very absurd, especially as I was in a sort of passive wonder as to whether he would take the bed.

Disturbed by this reflection, I awoke and opened my eyes. All was silent; the moonlight lay white upon the floor, looking like a soft and tangible glory. Suddenly I started and listened. There was a peculiar dull, rubbing sound to be heard, modified now and then by a rougher one, as if boot heels were knocked together. I sprang out of bed, went to the window and looked out. The branches of the tree that stood near the piazza were slightly moving, though I was sure there was no wind. *Some one was climbing the tree.* I was sure of it. I went to my pillow and returned with the pistol. When I reached the window one bough of the old maple was more agitated than ever, and amid the foliage I saw a human figure slowly making its way toward the roof of the piazza. I waited till the person, with no particular caution, had reached it, and was making his way toward my window. I hate midnight prowlers—I prefer day time highwaymen—and have no compunctions against shooting them. This fellow was intent on cowardly plundering, and he should suffer for it. I raised my pistol and took deliberate aim at him—not at his heart, but at his right leg, for I did not wish to kill him, but to wound and frighten him—when he turned his face toward the moonlight—and—heavens! I saw it was the son of my host! I made myself known to him immediately, raised the window and let him in, and informed him what my intentions toward him had just been. His sensations for a time were rather mixed; he declared he would rather lose his heart than his leg (I found out afterward the former was gone already—pretty Miss Martyn had it) and ended in acknowledging he deserved to be shot for attempting to enter the house in that manner, though he had done it before. He had returned sooner than he expected, and not wishing to disturb the family, and thinking to reach his room in the way he had done on previous occasions, came near being shot for his considerateness. We were soon in bed together, and nothing further occurred to disturb my slumbers.

In the morning, when the event of the night was related, the feelings of the other members of the household may be, as a handy old phrase has it, "better imagined than described." We were profoundly thankful that the result was not a serious one.

I returned to the city the following Monday, and in the next issue of the county paper read an amazingly amplified account of the affair.

In conclusion I say that there were real grounds for our apprehensions of robbery that night, for the residence of Judge S—— in the borough was broken into, and the old Judge, who was placed in a new relation with criminals, frightened half to death in a rencontre with the thieves, though he succeeded in getting the best of them in a very blundering way. A pistol shot intended for the intruders struck a "pallid bust of Pallas just above his chamber door," and brought the image down with such an alarming racket, that the burglars fled after returning a harmless complimentary fire.

The village has since been remarkably exempt from midnight depredators, a tradition of the inhabitants being in an unusual state of armed readiness perhaps prevailing among the fraternity of burglars.

A Courageous Girl.

Our heroine lived in Bartlett, New Hampshire, and was a descendant of the old Crawfords. Her father was a Crawford, and followed the profession of guide among the mountains.

Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home, a dark-eyed, brown-haired girl, of slight but compact frame, just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devolved the whole care of the household.

One day, late in summer, Mr. Crawford went with a party of travellers away to the headwaters of one of the many mountain streams that enter the Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had gone with the pleasure seekers.

Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by the open window, a man came up from the road and asked her if she would give him a drink of water.

Bessie had seen the man before, and did not like his looks. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines upon his clothing indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room.

She did not like this, for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the dipper without remark. The man drank, and then set the dipper on the table. Then he turned upon the girl and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said, "I know there's money in this house, and I know you are alone. Show me where the money is! If you don't I shall kill you, and then hunt it up myself! I'm in earnest, and there ain't no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do, you'll feel this knife quick."

Bessie shrank back and looked into the man's face, and could see that he meant just what he said.

"If I show you the drawer where the money is, will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me honest, and I wont harm you."

"Then come with me."

Bessie led the way to a small bedroom on the ground floor, where there was an old mahogany bureau, the upper drawer of which she unlocked. The man, when he saw this, thinking, doubtless, that Crawford's gold was within his grasp, shut up his knife and put it into his pocket.

The girl opened the drawer, and quick as thought, drew forth a large navy revolver, one with which she herself had killed a trapped bear, and cocked it.

"Villain!" she exclaimed, planting her back against the wall, and aiming the weapon at his bosom, "many a wild beast have I shot with this good pistol, and I'll shoot you if you don't instantly leave this house! I will give you not even a second. Start, or I fire!"

The ruffian could read human looks as well as the maiden, and he could read very plainly in the firm-set lips and in the flashing eyes—but more clearly in the steady hand which held the pistol—that she would not only fire, as she had promised, but her aim would be a sure and fatal one.

And he backed out from the bedroom, backed into the sitting room—then leaped from the window and disappeared.

Bessie kept her pistol by her side until her father and his guests came home; and when she had told her story, search was made for the ruffian. But he was not to be found. Our heroine had so thoroughly frightened him that he never came that way again.

RAISINS IN CALIFORNIA.—The drying of grapes, for making raisins, is becoming a large industry in California, the highly saccharine juice of the grapes grown there—all European varieties—peculiarly fitting them for the purpose.

☞ A QUERY.—Somebody wants to know whether the peculiar walk of a drum-major is due to his being so very band-y.

RECEIPTS.

A TRIFLE.—One quart of milk, six eggs, reserving the whites of two, which beat to a stiff froth, and when the milk boils drop in in spoonsful; in a minute or two remove carefully to a plate; after beating the eggs light pour the boiling milk slowly into the egg, stirring the egg quickly the while; sweeten it and place over the fire, stirring all the time until it simmers—it must not boil. If it should curdle pour it immediately into another pan and stir until cool.

Place sponge cake, moistened with Madeira wine (and on which preserved strawberries or other fruit has been spread,) in the bottom and sides of a glass or China bowl, and when the custard is cool, flavor with vanilla, and pour into the bowl, placing the white balls carefully on the top; then surround the bowl with ice, or stand it in cold water until required.

CRANBERRY AND RICE JELLY.—Boil and press the fruit, strain the juice, and, by degrees, mix into it as much ground rice as will, when boiled, thicken to a jelly; boil it gently, stirring it, and sweeten it to your taste. Put it in a basin or form, and serve with cream.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Make a very strong isinglass jelly. When cold, mix it with a double quantity of cranberry juice. Sweeten and boil it up; then strain it into a shape. The sugar must be good loaf, or the jelly will not be clear.

ORANGE WATER ICE.—Proceed exactly as in making lemon water ice.

AGRICULTURAL.

Whipping Horses Dangerous.

I would caution those who train or use horses against exciting the ill-will of the animal. Many think they are doing finely, and are proud of their success in horse training by means of severe whipping, or otherwise rousing and stimulating the passions, and then, from necessity, *crushing* the will, through which the resistance is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horse man as the care and tact displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of the mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to rouse the passions or excite the will to obstinacy.

I have known many horses of naturally gentle character to be spoiled by being whipped once; and one horse that was made *vicious* by being struck with a whip *once*, while standing in his stall.

Remember, the whip must be used with great care, or it is liable to do mischief, and may cause irreparable injury.—*Prof. Manger on the Education of Horses.*

Tomato Trellises.

The cheapest and most convenient trellis for tomatoes is to make a four-square frame for every hill, of four pieces of hard wood, two feet long and one inch square, for the four corner posts. Let three pieces of lath, each one foot long, be nailed on each side. Such trellises will cost only a few cents each, and they will save four times their cost in the value of tomatoes. Let such a trellis be placed over each hill before the plant has begun to bend sideways; then the fruit will all be kept off the ground. If made of durable timber, and carefully stored during winter in a pile on one side of the field, this kind of trellis will last half a score of years or more, especially if they are dipped in a kettle of coal tar before they are to be placed over the tomato hills.

Items.

—Veal calves and sheep, when taken to market, are often tied with a rope, bedded in the flesh of their delicate limbs, and then thrown brutally into a wagon, and left to lie upon each other during a long ride. Are they not flesh and blood? Can they not feel?

—Cabbage, as in fact all other garden plants, should have plenty of rich manure to insure their rapid growth, and to render them tender and juicy.

—An honestly made superphosphate of lime is a good article and a good fertilizer, and the failures in the use of it are due to the impurity of the article or adulterations in the manufacture.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 3, 20, 26, 5, 7, 4, 8, signifies dexterity.
My 1, 2, 6, 13, is what many suffer from.
My 16, 9, 27, 24, 29, 30, is a French phrase often used in describing fashions.
My 19, 11, 10, is a process hides undergo to become leather.
My 28, 14, 25, 22, 15, is a word signifying extreme pain.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American at one of his most important battles.
BOZ.

Charade.

Safe on a fair one's arm my first may rest,
And raise no tumult in a husband's breast;
To those who neither creep, nor run, nor fly,
The want of legs my second will supply.
My whole's a rival of the fairest toast,
And when I'm liked the best I suffer most.

Word Square.

A girl's name.
One of the heavenly bodies.
A sound indicating pain.
A girl's name.
The words can be spelled both down and across.
J. T. DODSON.

Probability Problem.

A gambler throws an unknown number of dice. What is his chance of turning up 24?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Ans.—Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.

☞ Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travellers? Ans.—Because he never takes his eye off his trunk.

☞ Why is a sword like beer? Ans.—Because it's no use till it's drawn.

☞ Why is a man practising a "peculiar branch of surgery" allied to a wizard? Ans.—Because one is a cupper, the other a sorcerer.

☞ How do we know Moses wore a wig? Ans.—Because he was sometimes seen with Aaron, and sometimes without 'air on.

[Ah, now we are speaking Aaronically.]

☞ What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man, and a gorilla? Ans.—The first is an heir apparent, the second has ne'er a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and the fourth has an hairy parent!

☞ Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy? Ans.—Because it's a fellow feeling for another.

[By all means encourage a fellow feeling in your breast, but a fellow feeling in your breast doesn't deserve any sympathy, as pur-robber-bly he would be a thief!]

☞ A prize toy should be given to the child who guesses the following: What kin is that child to its own father who is not his own father's son? Ans.—His daughter.

☞ If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is Dick to Tom? Ans.—Tom is his grandfather.

☞ What is that which flies without wings? Ans.—An arrow.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"If you do love me you will find me out. WORD SQUARE—

R I N G
I D E A
N E A T
G A T E

☞ A shrill old lady in Memphis, whenever she looses her scissors, rouses the whole family with—"Where's them shears appeared to?"